





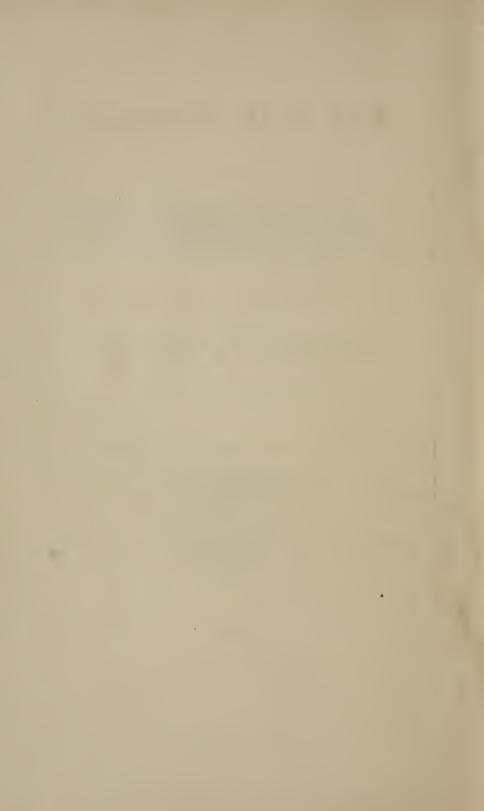




Lays of the Sanctuary,

AND OTHER POEMS.





Lays of the Sanctuary,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

G. STEVENSON DE M. RUTHERFORD.

"Now the end of the commandment is CHARITY, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unseigned."

1 TIM. i. 5.

LONDON:

ELIZABETH GOOD, 9, CHEPSTOW PLACE, BAYSWATER. 1861. LOAN STACK

LONDON:
Printed by J. & W. RIDER, 14, Bartholomew Close.

PR 1191

AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED

то

JOHN H. GURNEY, ESQ., M.P.,

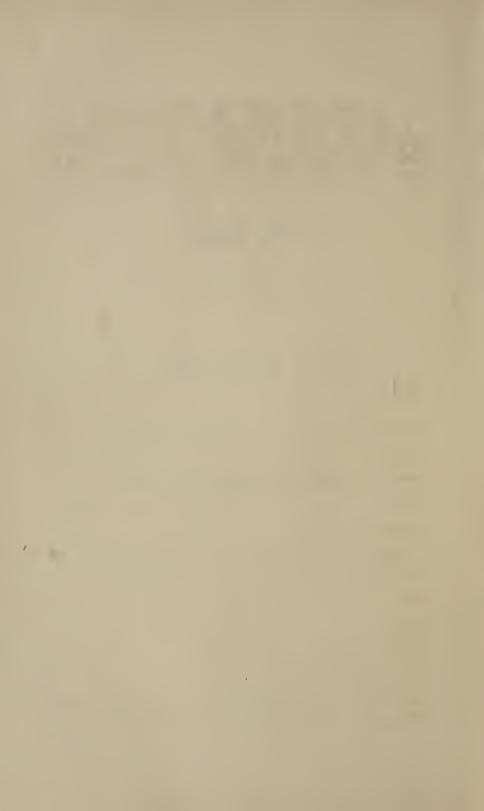
AND

THE GOOD SAMARITANS,

WHOSE UNOSTENTATIOUS OFFICES OF

CHARITY

ARE AN EARNEST OF THEIR ABIDING LOVE IN CHRIST.





PREFACE.

MRS. ELIZABETH GOOD, for whose benefit this Work has been published, is the aged relict of a professional gentleman, and the niece of the late Rev. T. Allen, D.D. In times gone by, her family furnished members to the clerical and legal professions; but its fortune, like all earthly things, has changed with the vicissitudes of time.

Mrs. Good has attained her feventy-fixth year, but she is a marvel for her age. She is brisk, lively, and chatty, as a girl in her teens, and evinces unwonted bodily activity in the discharge of her domestic duties. Her faculties are hardly impaired: she can thread her needle by candlelight, and can walk three or four miles in succession. Nor have the snows of seventy winters bleached a hair of her head. Yet, at her age, when

the majority of people feek reft, she eats not the bread of idleness, but cheerfully struggles with feeble hands against the difficulties that have beset her path.

Sixteen years ago fhe loft her husband,—a man much beloved for genuine goodness by all who knew him, and a few poor retain to this day a grateful recollection of his kindneffes; while fome, whom his generous heart befriended in their poverty, and who have fince enjoyed prosperity, have for former favours returned base ingratitude. At his death fhe was left in eafy circumstances, occupying a well-furnished house on Connaught Terrace, furrounded by fmiling friends, who with the first fign of adversity flunk away. By the charity that thinks no wrong—an honest credence which some might call easy credulity—she too implicitly confided in those who, with fair speaking and feeming, were cruelly defrauding her; and at last, from the heartless duplicity and atrocious villany of one, matchless for his audacity in weaving the web of wrong fcathless, she not only lost her money, but the greater part of her furniture was fold. From comfort she was at once reduced to indigence, with the growing incapabilities of age to aggravate the bitterness of destitution. And for the last ten years she has been toffed hither and thither on a fea of troubles,-oftentimes exposed to grievous necessity, in need of common necessaries, so keenly pressing as almost to border on the

direst exigencies of poverty. Yet with fortitude she drained the bitter cup, and with cheerfulness she bore the uncharitableness of the world,—with a strength and energy beyond her years, which the possession of a good conscience could alone impart, and with a firm reliance on the mercy of God, who in His own time will set this bewildering scene of wrong right. True to her early teaching, in the midst of the forrow and adversity that have darkened and embittered her old age, she has steadsastly clung to the Rock that faileth not the children of the "household of faith."

The Poems in this volume are original, and expressly contributed. The Work itself is a noble testimony of the active charities of life,—the golden links that bind humanity in bonds of love. To this Compilation I have brought nothing but friendship and patience; indeed, my share of the labour I may well express in the words of Montaigne,—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled slowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

In tendering my grateful thanks to the Contributors for the generous affiftance they have, throughout this "labour that proceedeth of love," afforded me, I cannot but express a hope that we may meet hereafter on a wider field of usefulness. But, whether or not, I shall ever retain a deep and lively sense of their kindness to

Mrs. Good. How ever forget the difinterestedness with which they responded to my appeal, and liberally bestowed the rich and delicate fabric of the mental loom for her benefit? Not content with the bestowal of these tokens of sympathy, nor unmindful of the injunction of Christian duty laid on us all to lighten, to the best of our ability, the burden and forrow of the widow, they have added material gifts too,—scattering a few flowers of comfort on the path to the tomb. How express her gratitude for these offices of love? But, verily, her benefactors will find their best reward for such acts of beneficence in the deep reality of the inward satisfaction that flows to those who give a cup of water in His name!

"Those deeds of charity which we have done, Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep."

With the launch of the Volume, for weal or woe, on the fea of literary adventure, I take cordial leave of the friends of the caufe. Yet not before fervently breathing a prayer of earnest heart, that this sweet offering of the Muse of Benevolence may prove the forerunner of many blessings to Mrs. Good. For poverty, which is often visited as a crime, is at all seasons hard to bear; but how much harder when it falls to the lot of three-

fcore and ten, with the infirmities of age to aggravate diftrefs! Yet, making no appeal to morbid feelings by parading her woes and her cares, but fimply trufting to our common humanity, I leave the broad outlines of misfortune to fpeak to the heart, and prompt it to acts of grace from its own native goodnefs.

If the Work be fuccessful, the proceeds will be appropriated to the purchase of an annuity, or the lease of a small house. In either case, the consummation of a plan of relief so simple will ensure to her sew remaining years a home, or a means of subsistence, certain and definite. And, no longer a prey to the sharp pangs of poverty and its fore disquietude, this unfortunate and aged lady may end her days in the enjoyment of comparative comfort.

In recommending this Volume to the tender mercies of the critic, I beg to remind him that it folicits indulgent confideration on the plea that it is an expression of the best and noblest feelings of our nature—the desire to succour missortune and solace the helplessness of age.





*** As this little Work has been contributed expressly for a charitable purpose, Purchasers of it are most respectfully and earnestly entreated, if they approve of its object, to recommend it to their friends.





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Lays of the Sanctuary.







Lays of the Sanctuary.

THE WILLING DISCIPLE.

By MARY HOWITT.

80

Life's cup, vinegar and gall;—

If Thou only, Lord, remain

To uphold my foul through ail,

Pain and anguish cannot be—

All is merged, O Lord, in Thee!

Let me bear the heaviest cross,

To the world be crucified;

If Thou, Lord, amid all loss

Art but found, whate'er betide,

Loss or injury cannot be—

All is overpaid in Thee!

Take whate'er I treafure dearest,
Joy of heart, or pride of eye;
Only let me know Thou hearest,
Only feel that thou art nigh—
Then 'tis easy to resign,
Knowing all I have is Thine,
And that Thou, dear Lord, art mine!

COMFORT.

By A. J. SYMINGTON, Esq. Author of "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life," &c.

O^H, fhut not out the light of God, Within—around—above thee! Life's darkest lanes have sky o'erhead; Look up—One there doth love thee!

Look up with true and humble heart, No felf-trust can avail thee; Shall He, who fuffer'd—bore a part Of every forrow, fail thee?

Bestir thyself! work while 'tis day,
Blest, though the World should hate thee,
Fulfilling duty—work and pray,
And Gladness shall await thee!

CHRISTMAS SUNRISE.

By the Right Rev. S. HINDS, D D. Late Bishop of Norwich.

O THAT yon Sun could tell to me
The fight his luftrous eye did fee
In Bethl'em, on that bleffed morn
When unto us a Child was born!

Bethl'em and Bethl'emite are gone; Thou filent Witness, thou alone Survivest—tell thou unto me Thy tale of the Nativity.

Here to thy dawn I come, to gaze,
And hail each ray that faintly ftrays.
Through mift and cloud, and think how they
Thus o'er the fleeping babe might ftray,
Entwined with rays of glory fhed
From Angels' wings about His bed,—
Emblem and fhadow of Light given
By that fame Child, the Light of Heaven.

O Thou who once in childhood's guife Didft fhow Thyfelf to mortal eyes, Blefs us, too, Lord; give us, we pray, The power to fee Thy natal day, By faith, that better fight—to fee And feel the Glorious Mystery.

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

Luke, ii. 19.

MOTHER of that mysterious mortal birth,

By which the Eternal Son, as Man, was born,

Taking a lowly place on this sad earth,

To bear its pain and forrow, shame and scorn—

Virgin and Mother mild

Of that most Holy Child,

Thou, of all womankind most blessed, most forlorn!

Who could portray thy feelings deep and calm,
When that fair Babe lay cradled on thy breast;
His cherub form encircled by thine arm,
His fost cheek to thy tender bosom prest?
Ah! who could read thy mind,
Its musings undefined,
Its memories fadly sweet, its joys supremely blest?

Was there no cloud to dim the prospect bright,

That open'd on thy Child's advancing years?

No thought of coming griefs thy hopes to blight,

Of fpeechlefs agonies, and heart-wrung tears?

No vifion of the fword,

From aged Simeon's word,

To thrill thy loving heart with dark, foreboding fears?

Or did each dim and gathering shade arise,
Mist-like, to melt before the morning ray?
Did the clear light of that sweet Infant's eyes
Chase every dark and dismal thought away?
And childhood's joyous spring
Its bloom and brightness bring
To banish from thine heart the distant wintry day?

Didst thou forget the terrors of that night,
When, stealing forth a little trembling band,
To Egypt's fultry plains ye took your flight,
Across the desert's drear and scorching sand?
Till there your wearied feet
Had found a safe retreat,
Far from the rage of Herod's murderous band.

Oh! did no thought of Bethlehem's piteous fcene,
The infant's cry, the mother's frantic fhriek,
Cloud the calm beauty of thy brow ferene,
And blanch the rofes of thy fair young cheek?
Didft thou not closer prefs
Thy Child, with fond carefs,
And love intense towards One so holy, yet so weak?

Or did experience of God's truth awaken
Calmness and strength within thy thoughtful mind,
Bracing thy spirit meek to faith unshaken,
To perfect confidence and will resign'd,
Till every danger past,
To Nazareth at last
Brought by thy Heavenly Guide a quiet home to find?

Still from that innocent and wondrous Child,
'Twas thine to learn Faith's lesson high and holy,
Whenever He look'd up, and gently smiled
In thy sweet face, His mother pure and lowly;
While His untroubled sleep
Taught thee thine heart to keep,
Unmoved by earthly Joy, or downcast Melancholy.

Oh! if thou wert, as we may well conceive,
Of thy fweet fex the lowlieft, meekest known,
Above all others thou wouldst deeply grieve
That aught like worship should to thee be shown;
The incense and the shrine
Would never have been thine—
With horror deep disclaim'd, as due to God alone!

"For thou wert Woman only, born in fin,"
The heir with all alike to that deep taint
Of the first Adam, and defiled within;
Till unto joy was turn'd thy sad complaint,
As thou didst cast thy load
On thine Incarnate God,
Made by His grace alone a lovely, lowly Saint.

And still we hear thee in the inspired Word,
Singing thy song with sweet exultant voice—
"My soul doth magnify the living Lord,
My spirit in my Saviour doth rejoice!"

None e'er a Saviour sought
But contrite sinners, bought
By His most costly Blood, the objects of His choice.

LINES FOR AN ADULT BAPTISM.

By the Very Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D.

Thou child of man, fall down
With contrite heart and low—
Inheritor by fleshly birth
Of exile, death, and woe.

Thou child of man, rejoice—
The Righteous One hath died:
Behold by faith thy Seals of love,
His hands, His feet, His fide.

Thou child of man, that Blood Upon thy door we trace; The fignal of that mighty Crofs We stamp upon thy face.

Servant of God, go forth,
Clad in thy Saviour's Name:
Like Him, must thou endure the cross;
Like Him, despise the shame.

Servant of God, hope on,

Through tempests and through tears:
The Pillar of His presence see,

Lighting the waste of years.

Servant of God, farewell!

Thy bed of death is made:

Go, with His glorious Countenance

To light thee through the shade.

Servant of God, all hail!

The bright-hair'd army waits;

And greeting Angels round thy path

Throng from the jafper gates.

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!"
The judgment is His own:
Pass to the inner Light, and sit
With Him upon His throne!

SERVANTS OF ALL.

By Miss ISA CRAIG.

ONE fway'd a mighty fceptre,
And wore a lofty crown,
And head and hand they weigh'd him
With a heavy burden down;
To be true King in his Kingdom
He must ferve the meanest clown.

One was Leader of a nation—
Not in name—the man was great;
Thinking for its many millions,
Lifting many a burden's weight
From the peafant at the ploughfhare,
From the beggar at the gate.

One was Master of dull thousands
Who served him day by day—
Served him! he served thousands!
Travailing forer far than they;
While their work he gather'd for them
From the world's ends where it lay.

The strong limbs bear the burden
Of our conflict with the clay;
And cleaving through the shadows,
Sending back a guiding ray,
The thinkers clear the darkness
In the world's advancing way.

Some think to ferve till Kingship,
Till Mastership be won:
Higher honour only meaneth
Greater fervice to be done,
Perfect felf-renunciation—
The Reward and Work is one.

For he before whose sceptre
The nations rise and fall,
Who gives no least commandment,
But come to pass it shall,—
Said, He who was the greatest
Should be Servant unto all.

And in conflict with the Evil
Which his bright creation mars,
Laid He not afide that fceptre
Which can reach to all the stars?—
Of the fervice which He render'd
See on His hands the fcars!

CHARITY.

PARAPHRASE ON THE COLLECT FOR QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. J. SEDGWICK, B.D.

Lord of Life! whose words have taught us
How to ferve Thee and obey:
Lord of Love! whose deeds have brought us
Wond'ring at Thy feet to pray:
Fill our hearts with ample measure
Of th' abiding Graces three:
Most of all, with Thy dear treasure,
Never-failing Charity:—

Charity, that ever bindeth
Mortal men with cords of love;
Charity, that ftill remindeth
Earthly fouls of heaven above.
Charity, the Spirit's token
Sinners have received of Thee:
He whom Jefus loved hath fpoken—
"God Himfelf is Charity."

A CANTICLE.

BY THE LATE REV. W. COLTON, B.A.

YE works of God, on Him alone
(In earth His footftool, heaven his throne)
Be all your praife beftow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

Ye Angels, who, with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praife,
Again your thankful voices raife,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praife Him, ye bright ethereal plains,
Where in full majefty He deigns
To fix His awful throne;
Ye waters, that above them roll
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
Oh, make His praifes known!

Thrones, dominations, virtues, powers, Oh, join your joyful fongs with ours, With us your voices raife!
From age to age extend the lay,
To heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praife.

Celestial Orb, whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise Him whose courts effulgent shine,
With light as far excelling thine
As thine the paler Moon.

Ye glittering planets of the fky,
Whofe beams the abfent Sun fupply,
With him the fong purfue;
And let himfelf fubmiffive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye showers and dews, whose moisture shed Calls into life the opening feed,

To Him your praises yield;

Whose influence wakes the genial birth,

Drops fatness on the pregnant Earth,

And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the Deep,
With us confess your God;
See through the heavens the King of kings,
Up-borne on your extended wings,
Comes slying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow, Humbly with just submission bow
To His superior power;—
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the slaming deluge stay,
Or gives it strength to roar.

Ye fummer's heat, and winter's cold, By turns in long fuccession roll'd,

The drooping world to cheer;
Praife Him who gave the Sun and Moon
To lead the various feafons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the watery plain,
Ye filent showers of sleecy rain,
Pursue the heavenly theme;
Praise Him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that fwiftly borne,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away;
Praife Him whose never-varying light,
Absent adds grandeur to the night,
But present gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise Him who, when the heavens He spread,
Thick darkness His pavilion made,
And light His regal robe.

Praife Him, ye lightnings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with hot vengeance through the fky,
And red with wrath Divine;
Praife Him, ye clouds, that fcatter'd ftray,
Or fix'd by Him in clofe array,
Surround His awful fhrine.

Exalt, O Earth, thy Heavenly King,
Who bids the plants that from thee fpring
Renew the annual bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless the fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rife,
And lift your fummits to the skies,
Revere His awful nod;
Think how ye once affrighted fled,
While Jordan fought his fountain-head,
And own'd the approaching God!

Ye trees, that fill the rural fcene;
Ye flowers, that o'er the enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
Oh, praife the Ruler of the fkies,
Whofe Hand the genial fap fupplies,
And clothes the thankful plain.

Ye fecret fprings, ye gentle rills,
That murmuring rife amongst the hills,
Or fill the humble vale,
Praise Him at whose almighty nod
The rugged Rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praife Him, ye floods and feas profound,
Whofe waves the fpacious earth furround,
And roll from fhore to fhore;
Awed by His Voice, ye feas fubfide,
Ye floods within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales that stir the boiling deep, Or in its dark recesses sleep

Remote from human eye;
Praise Him by whom ye all are fed,
Praise Him without whose heavenly aid
Ye sicken, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name, Begin and with the important theme

Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your fongs the rifing day,
Soft warbles breathe from every spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise Him, ye beasts that nightly roam, Amidst the solitary gloom,

Th' expected prey to feize;
Ye flaves of the laborious plough,
Your flubborn necks fubmissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye fons of men, His praife difplay, Whofe vital breath informs your clay,

And gives it power to move; Ye that in Judah's confines dwell, From age to age fuccessive tell

The wonders of His love.

Let Aaron's race the lay prolong,
Till Angels liften to the fong,
And bend attention down.
Let wonder feize the heavenly train,
Pleafed while they hear a mortal ftrain
So fweet, fo like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft in Salem's facred Shrine
Before His altar kneel,
Where throned in majefty He dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of His will.

Ye Spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bright abode,
To heavenly mansions foar;
Oh, let your fongs His praise display,
Till Heaven itself shall melt away,
And Time shall be no more.

Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye Saints whom His decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
Oh, praise Him till you take your way
To regions of Eternal Day,
And reign for ever there!

Let us, who fee the enclosing fire,
Divested of its rage aspire,
And innocently blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rife and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.



MONITIONS.

By EDWARD CAPERN.

Hast feen the Rainbow of the flow'ry May
Stretch through the heavens its many-colour'd band,
And crown the Day;

A dimpled, fair, and bonny blue-eyed maid, A lily with two violets in a nook, In fmiles array'd;

An infant neftling in its mother's arms, Looking into the bright heaven of her eyes, A group of charms;

A rofe, rich as a cherry-parted lip,—
A dew-pearl, which the little honey-bees
Delight to fip;

The Sun walk proudly from his orient gate, The Star of Eve attend the Queenly Moon In regal flate;

The Spring, whose happy duty all day long Is just to wash her robe of gold and green And fing her fong;

The Summer in her heyday of delight?
Then hast thou lost them as the stars are lost
Some darkfome night?

If fo, live for the World that is to be, Where more than all the beauty thou hast feen Thine eyes shall fee.

MARRIAGE SONG.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, Esq.

Author of "Within and Without," &-c.

But they had enough of bread;
And the well befide the door
Held for thirst a plenteous store;
Yes, enough; but Love Divine
Made the water into wine.

When should wine in plenty flow, But when wanderers homeward go? And when soul in soul hath sound Rest, in bonds of freedom bound, He hath said, by act Divine, Water well may turn to wine.

Good is all the feafting then;
Good the merry words of men;
Good the laughter and the fmiles;
Good the wine that grief beguiles;
Crowning good, the Word Divine:
Jefus made the water wine.

He befide you, all the years,
Into laughter turn your tears;
In the earthly tones around
Make you hear the Heavenly found—

At your table Love Divine Often make the water wine.

Earth is Heaven in homelier drefs; Hope is unfeen joyfulnefs: Walking in the heavenly light, Soon, with eyes of heavenly fight, You shall know, by vision fine, Earthly water—Heavenly wine.

A PRAYER.

By the Rev. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

OH, when my hour is come, if fo Thou wilt, Let the fweet bloffoms of the bough of Love Hang o'er my bed! But, howfoe'er it be, Through the night-watches, till the birds awake Their fad importunate music, till the morn Pale on the pane, oh, let me wait for God! Gently, my Saviour! fland befide the door; Gently, my Saviour! through the lattice glide; Dip my life's leaves, adust with thought and care, In Sacramental dews, and make them gold. Rest over me in love, O piercèd One! Smile on me fadly through my mist of sin, Smile on me fweetly from Thy Crown of Thorns. As the Dawn looketh on the great dark hills, As the hills dawn-touch'd on the great dark fea, Dawn on my heart's great darkness, Prince of Peace.

THE DEWDROPS.

By EMILY ENGLISH.

The morning Sun with gems lit up the plain,
Where dewdrops shone beneath the rising ray,
As though each little blade of grass were fain
A loving tribute to its Lord to pay:
I gazed, admiring, on the jewell'd mead,
Then asked, "Fair Dewdrops, whither do ye speed?"
The trembling diamonds whisper'd soft and slow,
"Led by our God, to yonder rill we go."

Onward by moor and mountain-fide I fped
To where, with gladfome voice, the fparkling Rill
Sang, as it purl'd within its pebbly bed,
A fong of praife that echo'd from the hill:
Then in its filver path I bid it ftay,
To tell me where it took its mazy way;
With gufhing laugh the Rivulet replied,
"I go to fwell you river's rapid tide."

In midday fkies the Sun had fet his bow,
When I befide a rolling river flood,
To mark its meafured, deep, mysterious flow,
And lift the deep-toned voices of the flood:
"Tell me," I cried, "ye Waves of rippling foam,
What haven waits your wanderings—what home?"
With fullen roar they answer me, "We sleep,
Rock'd on the bosom of the mighty deep."

"Twas night,—and through the city's streets I went,
Where forrow, need, and suffering met my sight;
But hearts were here on Mercy's message bent,
And 'mid the gold shone forth the widow's mite:
"To gifts so small," methought, "what place is given?"
"None is too small," faid one, "to reach to heaven;
We lend them to our Gracious Lord, and He
In every dewdrop doth an ocean see."

TIME BREAKS UPON ETERNITY.

By GEORGE J. CAYLEY, Esq.

To the Eternal Infinite
Nothing is mighty—nothing mean;
Each gliftening grain, each flar of night,
Diftinct in fpace-pervading light
To the All-fearching Eye ferene.

The rolling waters ebb and flow—
The fands are more from tide to tide:
The flarry fystems come and go,
The rolling ages ebb and flow,
And moving worlds are multiplied.

Our Earth is but a grain of fand
That tumbles in the furging fea!
HE holds Creation in His hand,
With worlds as countless as the fand—
Time breaks upon Eternity!

A LITANY.

By JOHN EMMETT, Esq.

Lord, leave us not to wander lonely
Through this dark world, unloved by Thee;
All other friends are helpless only,
Though full of love as friends may be.
Drear are the fondest homes around us,
Sad like our hearts when Thou art far;
When Thou hast fought us, heard us, found us,
How sweet Thy Consolations are!
Hear us, cheer us,
Lord, and leave us not!

Leave us not when pride and anger
In the heart would dare rebel;
Claim us in our utmost danger,
Calm us at the mouth of Hell.
Leave us not till we inherit
Charity that works no ill,
And we hear Thy gentle Spirit
Inly whisper, "Peace, be still!"
Hear us, cheer us,
Lord, and leave us not!

Leave us not in days of trial,

Let us act at Duty's call,

Though it lead to felf-denial,

Though we have to give up all.

Raifed on high, or humbled lowly,
Praifed or fcorn'd from land to land,
Bear us up, our Father Holy,
Bear our burdens in Thy Hand.
Hear us, cheer us,
Lord, and leave us not!

Leave us not when all has left us,

Health and vifion, firength and voice;

When of friends Death hath bereft us,

Let us fill in Thee rejoice:

Near us when in doubt, to guide us;

Near us when we faint, to cheer;

Near in battle's hour, to hide us;

Nearer ever, and more dear.

Hear us, cheer us,

Lord, and leave us not!

Leave us not when foes come nigher,
Cheer us when the grave looks cold;
Lead us onward, upward, higher,
Forward to the Gates of gold.
Leave us not when ailing, failing,
Sore deprefs'd, and bending low;
Be Thy love then most availing,
Then to aid us be not flow.
Hear us, cheer us,
Lord, and leave us not!

Leave us not till Thou hast brought us
To the holy, wealthy Place,
There to see Thee who hast bought us,
Fought our fight, and won our race:

There to hear no more the shouting,
And the thunder of our foes;
Danger past, and past all doubting,
And the grave's austere repose.
Hear us, cheer us,
Lord, and leave us not!

REST.

By THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Because we toil and fuffer from our birth, Since Adam's fentence curst offending earth; Therefore, through every change life's pilgrim knows, His watch-word of best comfort is *Repose*.

Rest for the weary heart and weeping eyes,—
From careless labour, and from careful fighs:
Rest even from Joy; let Joy's wild tumult cease,
And lull the aching Gladness into peace!

Yea, when prophetic musing soars away, Wing'd like the Dove, to realms of brighter day; When our strain'd senses, from their dim world driven, Strive to imagine an All-persect Heaven,—

The heart, still haunted by that human thirst,— That bassled wish, so long, so vainly nurst,— Dreams what this Earth denied, at length possest, And calls the Heavenly joy ETERNAL REST.

CHRIST ON THE SHORE.

By the Rev. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

In the filence of the morning,
Of the morning grey and clouded,
Mist-enshrouded,
On the shore of Galilee,
Like a Shape upon a column,
Sad and solemn
Christ is standing by the sea,
In the silence of the morning.

On the waters cold and mifty,
Like a rock its dark back lifting
Through the drifting
Vapours, heaves the fifther's boat.
Still, through grey-fog hood and mantle,
That most gentle
Watcher looketh where they float
On the waters cold and misty.

Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping;
Comes a voice, a fufurration;
Tribulation
Melteth, melteth like the mift;
Yet, like mufic rich and olden
Hiding golden
Words, that fweet Voice hideth Christ
From the hearts that wait and weep Him.

In another morning-filence,
When a greyer fog falls dreary,
And we weary
With the fea's beat evermore,
Cometh One, and, pale and wounded,
Mist-furrounded,
Looketh from another shore,
In another morning-filence.

Other waters cold and mifty,
On the wet fands grandly finging,
Bear a fwinging
Little bark, call'd Life by men;
While the bark is fwinging flowly,
That most Holy
Watcher looks: Light filvers then
On the waters cold and mifty.

Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping:

Falls a voice, O fweet, but broken!

Falls a token

Light, bedimm'd with blinding mift.

Take us where there are no Ocean's

Wild commotions;

Where we shall not know, O Christ!

Weary hearts, or tear-wet eyelids.

HYMN.

By the Rev. J. KEBLE, M.A.

"And He was in the hinder part of the ship, afleep on a pillow."

MARK, iv. 38.

Lord, lift my heart to Thee at morn, For thou art very near;
Thy Voice upon the waves is borne,
Thee in the winds I hear;—

The winds and waves that chime all night,
Where I am dreaming laid,
A tune fo foothing in its might,
I fcarce can be afraid.

And yet 'tis awful music, fraught
With memories scorn'd at home;
And whispereth many a boding thought
Of trial-years to come.

O Love unfeen, we know Thee nigh:
When Ocean rageth most,
Thou bidd'st us come to Thee, and cry,
"Lord, save us, we are lost!"

Thou feem'st to sleep, that we may pray;
Full deeply Thou dost hide,
Forgotten through the calm, clear day,
Nor own'd at even-tide:

But when the darkfome gales begin, The rude waves urge their race, Man, flartled from his floth and fin, Seeks out Thine hiding-place.

Well if we pray till Thou awake:
One word, one breath of Thee,
Soft filence in the heart will make,
Calm peace upon the fea.

Lord of our homes and of our graves,
If ever, while we lay
Beneath Thy flars, amid Thy waves,
Our fouls have learn'd to pray;

Revive that prayer, morn, night, and noon,
In city, mine, or dale;
Else will the founds of earth too foon
O'er the Dread Voice prevail:

Help us to fing Thine ocean fong,
Each in his home on fhore;
The note thou gav'st, do Thou prolong
Through life, and evermore.



GRACE FROM PRAYER.

By THE REV. J. F. THRUPP, M.A.

"And in the morning, rifing up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a folitary place, and there prayed."—MARK, i. 35.

Full, full of toil the ended day,
Full, full of toil the coming morrow;
And in that toil, ah! who shall fay
What cause for care, and pain, and forrow?
'Tis no light task to toil for God,
To bear for Him the daily load
Of rude reproaches on thee hurl'd,
And still, in faith on Him, to love a thankless world.

Rife, Christian, rife, and if aright

The pattern of thy Lord thou readest,

Ask in each early dawning light

The grace that for the day thou needest;

Grace that thy gracious work may be

From jar of worldly temper free,

And thou thyself, where'er thou move,

A reslex of God's love to other souls mayst prove.

'Tis not enough thy aim be good,
If evil broiling mar the doing:
For holy task a holy mood
Is meetest, every fault eschewing:

Fresh oil thou needest from above,
To keep alive the flame of love,
'Mid the rude, chilling blasts that blow
Athwart thy daily pathway on this earth below.

Thy wearied frame its strength renews
In grateful rests of nightly slumber:
Thou'lt to thy spirit not resuse,
O'erpress'd with cares that vex and cumber,
That it in peaceful morning prayer
May for its daily task prepare,
And in high communing with Heaven
May nurse the eagle-strength that all thy work shall leaven.

Rife, Christian, rife, while yet alone,

Before the chains of work have bound thee;
Rife, while the hours are yet thine own,

Before thy fellow-men furround thee;
Hold converse with thy God awhile,
And then go forth, with radiant smile,
His messenger throughout the day,
To all the sons of sin that cross thee in thy way.

Thou shalt not seek a heart of steel,

That will not grieve in others' grieving;

But ask a heart all woes to seel,

In patient love those woes relieving;

That so, when from thy Father's seet

Thou issue forth the throng to meet,

In pearly brilliancy may shine

'Mid tears of human sympathy thy smile of peace divine.

BE THANKFUL.

By Mrs. J. A. LANGFORD.

For funny fields, and shelt'ring trees
Whose green leaves surr to every breeze;
For brooklets murm'ring soft and low;
For Ocean's deep unceasing flow;
For sweet green grass, and daisies fair;
For lilies bright, and roses rare;
For life, and for our power to love,
Let us give thanks to Him above.

For Spring's glad promife, Summer's glow, Autumn's rich fruits, and Winter's fnow; For morning's East-illuming ray; For the calm time of closing day; For sleep with foothing dreams and rest; For children's merry laugh and jest; But most for those dear friends we love, Let us give thanks to Him above.

For holy peace in grief conceal'd;
For knowledge gain'd, and truth reveal'd;
Religion's afpirations high;
For Faith, for Hope, for Charity;
For memories of joys long past;
For Time, which brings the right at last;
For Death, uniting all who love,
Let us give thanks to Him above.

THE DEAD.

By JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, Esq.

Author of "The Battle of the Alma," "Cloud Shadows," &c.

"The damfel is not dead, but fleepeth."

MARK, v. 39.

Where are the dead? and are they past
Away for ever like a blast,
Or the last lines of funset cast
Along the west?
Are they fecurely placed in vast
Dim realms of rest?

Are we to think of them as loft,
Like fome bright meteor which croft
Our earthly bark, when tempest-tost
And rudely driven,—
That smiled, then saded off like frost
In yonder heaven?

And is their memory but a beam,
The starlight shadow of a dream,
Whose glory past shall never gleam
Upon us more,—
The silent stillness of a stream
Without a shore?

The Spirit past beyond recall,
The vacant feat, the darken'd hall,
The shroud, the bier, the sable pall,
The hush of mirth,
The gloom, the grave, the rattling sall
Of Earth to Earth;

And is this all? As Clouds forget,
When the great Sun they loved has fet,
The royal beams that used to fret
Their forms with fire,—
Shall we, like them, unworthy let
Our love expire?

Ah, no! the Dead are with us here,
As much as when their look did cheer
Our eye, their music charm our ear,
Their prefence fill
Our foul's horizon,—never fear,
They love us still!

They love us, though the Sapphire light
Of Heaven has gleamed upon their fight;
They love us, though the knell, the night,
The noife of time,
Has past into a view more bright
And more sublime.

They love us,—they still love to keep
Guard o'er us while we figh and sleep,
And watch and work, and wake and weep;
While smiles and tears,
Like clouds and sunbeams o'er the Deep,
Chequer our years.

They love us! Happy thought, when Care With venom'd vapour loads the air, When Thunders howl and Lightnings glare, When Winds fling wide
Their banner—like the found of prayer At eventide,

The prefence of the Dead shall rest
Upon the forrow-burden'd breast,
As the Wind whispers from the West
Benignant balm,
And bows the billows' foaming crest
To cradled calm.

Death is no Phantom fierce and fell, Weaving fome wild, mysterious spell, Whose summons is the passing bell,—Whose home the grave,—Whose prey the lost we loved so well, But could not save.

Oh, not in wrath doth Death defcend
Our hopes to blight, our ties to rend;
He cometh rather as a friend,
He whifpers low,
He bids the wild life-battle end,
He bids us go.

He bringeth rest to those who weep,
He giveth God's beloved sleep,
He laps them in a calm as deep
As God's own love,
And o'er the slood's tempestuous sweep
He sends the Dove.

He fmooths the ruffled brow of care,
Removes the load fo hard to bear,
Which few could fee, and none could share:
To those who roam,
He brings the love, the sense, the air,
The Heaven of Home.

With those we love 'tis hard to part;
The flesh will feel, the foul must smart;
And Grief wrings from the stricken heart
A mournful cry:
And yet our loved ones but depart,
They do not die!

They live, the Beautiful, the Dead,
Like stars of fire above our head;
They truly live who have been led
To God's right hand,—
Have found beyond Earth's doubt and dread
The better Land.

There is a windlefs, ftormlefs calm;
There is a Heaven-fent, healing balm;
There is a fountain and a palm,
And Heaven's own dew;
The found as of a chanted pfalm,
For all who view,

Above the fighing of the fhroud,
Above the thunder low or loud,
Above the florm, above the cloud,
Above the foam,
A reft, God-given, God-endow'd,
Their Father's Home!

THE CHAMBER, PEACE.

By the Rev. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

A SUMMER night that blows,
Fragrant with hay and flowers, on copfe and lawn—
A window muffled round and round with rofe
Fronting the flush of dawn.

O Pilgrim! well is thee
Till the day break, and till the fhadows ceafe,
Resting the faint heart and the failing knee,
In that fweet Chamber, Peace.

The white Moon through the trees
Sails—but thou fingest to a heavenly tune,
"Needeth no Sun the land my spirit sees,
Neither the silver Moon."

Before thine eyes half clofing,
Like ink-black plumes their tops the willows fhake;
Through them thou feeft a little boat repofing
Upon a moonlit lake.

"And oh," thou fayft, "my foul
Was like those inky plumes the Night-winds toss;
But now it hangs, in one great filver roll,
Over a hidden cross.

"Ever on Life's wild fwell
My heart went drifting, drifting on remote;
But now within the Veil 'tis anchor'd well,
Safe as that little boat."

Or if the shower, that lingers
In sleecy clouds of moonlight-tissued woof,
Falls, and the soft rain, with a hundred singers,
Taps on the Chamber-roof,—

"Christ," the lone Pilgrim faith,
"My Saviour, comes, this heart's poor love to win;
Thy locks are filled with drops," he murmureth,
"O that Thou wouldst come in."

So refts the Pilgrim, ever Hearing at folemn intervals a fwell, Mufic as of a grandly falling river On hills delectable.

So refts he, till he knows
The morning redden in the Eastern skies,
And fronts th' unfolding of Heaven's fiery rose—
The beautiful Sunrise.

Another Chamber yet—
Its curtain is of grafs, and clofely drawn;
But the pale Pilgrim, in its portal fet,
Looketh toward the dawn.

Oft-times red rofes lie
On the green curtain of that Chamber low,
And bloffoms like the deep-blue Summer fky,
Or like the Winter fnow.

And when the eves are calmeft,
Up in the incenfe-laden aifles of lime
Some fweet bird meditateth, like a pfalmift,
His poefy fublime;

So lay the Pilgrim down—
Set thou his feet, and face, and clofèd eyes,
Where they may meet the golden-raying crown
Of Christ's own great Sunrise.

So let him rest, unheard
Thy faithless mourning: let thy murmur cease:
Translate the grave into a gentler word—
Call it the Chamber, Peace!

ASPIRATION.

By Mrs. J. C. SIMPSON,

Authoress of "Piety of Daily Life," &c.

The great good Prefence, that, above all fear
For this feene or the next, my foul might move
Beneath the shadow of that Perfect Love—
That Wisdom Infinite—Power firm and fast,
Which form'd, upholds, and will discern at last!
I know His eye is ever on my heart,—
Wake I or sleep, His arm is round my way:
Oh, why of Him see I so small a part,
While me he searcheth closely day by day?
I would be nearer, holier, higher brought
By earnest aims, untouch'd by earthly leaven:
Lord, let the daily sountain of my thought
Flow ever 'mid the golden fields of Heaven!

LIFE IN DEATH.

By W. C. BENNETT.

DEATH! we fpeak the word and tremble—Gazing on this cold fix'd face,
Little feems it to refemble
All life fhow'd late in its place;
Here there feems of life no trace,
Yet here life does but diffemble.

Death is life; what life we know not—What we can but trembling guess:
Through the darkness our eyes go not
To the day beyond: no less
Is it there, the eyes to bless
That here sign of being show not.

Lo! the Spirit has but shifted
These its by-laid robes of Earth
For those wherewith it is gisted
In that Life of higher worth;
Where it knows a nobler birth
In the world to which 'tis lifted.

Lifted—yes, for our great forrow
Grows more peaceful in the thought,—
From which love peace well may borrow,—
That fo here thy pure foul wrought,
It may well, unfearing aught,
Sleep, to know a bleffed morrow.

Lifted—yes, if Time may train it
To a higher world of Light,
If the tried foul may attain it
By a life of truth and right—
Lived as ever in God's fight,
Surely thou, O foul, fhalt gain it!

RESIGNATION.

By the Rev. G. BRAITHWAITE, M.A.

O God, forgive the impatient thought,
And liften not to me,
If, discontented with my lot,
I murmur against Thee!

My portion and Thy Providence Run parallel, I know; And from that fource alone from whence Flow comforts, forrows flow.

To Thee, repentant, I refignMy rebel will, contentTo fuffer for Thee, and as Thine,Whatever lot be fent.

Yet help me, Lord, in Thine own strength,
This purpose to sulfil;
And onward lead, till I at length
Stand perfect in Thy Will.

THE HARPS OF HEAVEN.

By SYDNEY DOBELL.

ON a folemn day I clomb the shining bulwark of the Skies: Not by the beaten way, But climbing by a prayer, That, like a golden thread, hung by the giddy stair Fleck'd on the immemorial blue. By the strong step-stroke of the brave and few, Who ftirr'd by echoes of far harmonies, Must either lay them down and die of love, Or dare Those Empyrean walls that mock their starward eyes. But midway in the dread emprife The fainter and fainter footsteps cease; And, all my footing gone, Like one who gathers Samphire, I hold on, And in the fwaying air look up and down: And up and down through answering vafts descry Nor Earth nor Heaven: Above. The fheer eternal precipice; below, The sheer eternal precipice. Then when I, Gigantic with my desperate agony, Felt even The knotted grasp of bodily despair Relaxing to let go,

Or when.

A mighty music, like a wind of Light, Blew from the imminent height, And caught me in its splendour; and, as flame That flickers and again aspires, Rose in a moment thither whence it came; And I, that thought me loft, Past to the top of all my dear defires And flood among the Everlasting host. Then turn'd I to a Seraph whose fwift hands, That lived angelic paffion, ftruck his foul Upon a harp—a feraph fair and ftrong, And faultless for his harp and for his throne— And yet, among The Strength and Beauty of the Heavenly bands, No more to be remember'd than fome one Poor warrior, when a King of many kings Stamps on the fields, and rears his glittering crop Of standing steel, and the vex'd Spirit wings Above the human harvest, and in vain Begins from morn till eve to fum the embattled plain;

After a day of peace, fudden and late
The beacon flashes and the war-drums roll,
And through the torches of the city gate,
All the long Winter night a martial race
Streams to the nation's gathering-place,
And, like as waterdrop to waterdrop,
Pour on in changeless flood th' innumerable men.

I turn'd, and as from footing in mid-feas
Looking o'er leffening waves thou mayft behold
The round horizon of unfhadow'd gold,
I, flanding on an Amethyft, look'd round

The moving Heaven of Harpers throned and crown'd,
And faid, "Was it from these
I heard the great found?" And he faid—"What found?"
Then I, grown bolder, seeing I had thriven
To win reply—"This that I hear from thee,
This that everywhere I hear,
Rolling a Sea of Choristry
Up and down the jewel of Heaven;
A fea which from thy seat of light,
That seems more loud and bright
Because more near,
To the white twinkle of yon furthest portal,
Swells up those circling shores of Chrysolite,
And, like an odorous luminous mist, doth leap th' eternal
walls,

And falls In wreaths of melody Adown the azure mountain of the fky; And round its lower flopes bedew'd Breathes loft beatitude, And far away, Low, low, below the last of all its lucent scarps, Sprinkles bewildering drops of Immortality. O Angel fair, thou know'ft what I would fay— This found of harpers that I hear, This found of harpers harping on their harps." Then he bent his head And shed a tear And faid, "I perceive thou art a mortal." Then I to him—" Not only, O thou bright Seraphic Pity! to a mortal ear These facred founds are dear.

Or why withholdeth not thy ceaseless hand? And why, Far as my dazzled eye Can pierce the lustre of the radiant land, See I the rapt Celestial auditory, Each, while he bleffed hears, give back his blifs With never-tiring touch from golden harps like this?" Then he to me-"Oh, wherefore hast thou trod Beyond the limit of thine earthly lot? These that we bear Within our hands are instruments of glory, Wherewith, day without night, We make the glory of immortal light In the eyes of God. As for the found, we hear it not; Yet, speaking to thee, Child of ignorance, I do remember that I loved it once, In the fweet lower air."— Yet he fpake once more,— "But thou, return to the remember'd shore; Why shouldst thou leave thy nation, Thy city, and the house of all most dear? Do we not all dwell in Eternity? For we have been as thou, and thou Shalt be as we." And he lean'd and kissed me, Saying, "But now Rejoice, O Child, in other joys than mine; Hear the dear music of thy mortal ear While yet it is the time with thee, Nor make hafte to thine exaltation, Though our state be better than thine."

GOD GLORIFIED.

By JAMES MACFARLAN,

Author of "City Songs," "Lyrics of Life," &c.

"Praise ye Him, fun and moon: praise Him, all ye stars of light ye dragons and all deeps stormy wind fulfilling His word."—PSALM cxlviii.

I ask'd the toiling waves that clomb the beach;
When all the Ocean seem'd to gather speech:
"Mine is the mighty Voice that bears abroad
The power and grandeur of the living God,—
His wonders, glory, and immensity!"

"What is your fong, ye Spheres?"
And through the night I turn up questioning eyes:
When lo! a mightier response shook the Skies,"—
"'Tis ours to chant throughout the myriad years
The hymn of Heaven's almighty Mysteries!"

"What is thy fong, thou Storm,
Blowing the trumpet of Euroclydon,
Or, heralded by thunder, leading on
The lightnings unto battle?" Then there broke
From out the darkness of that fearful form
A voice sublimely terrible, and spoke,—
"Though from the Earth an awful voice I raise,
I do but whisper in Jehovah's praise!"

Then, turning to my foul,
"Hast thou no fong?" I cried; "still art thou dumb?
Hast thou nor hymn, nor chant, nor offering meet?
This music without thine is incomplete:
Oh, lift thy voice, until those some
Together blent, one great harmonious whole!"

VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

By WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

Author of "Thought and Reverie," &c.

WREATHS to him who from the glorious Strife of forces comes victorious, Pæan and triumphal greeting,— This the measure of man's meeting.

All for triumph: nothing heeding Valour fallen, trampled, bleeding, Battle's hottest brunt sustaining, Only short of victory gaining.

But, O brother! crush'd, defeated, Not thus is God's measure meted; Strictly just, the Father ever Sees the end in the endeavour.

And between Earth's pure and fainted, And her outcast foul and tainted, Haply all the gulf extended, In His fight is bridged and ended!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. TRAFFORD WHITEHEAD,

Authoress of "Gertrude and Emmeline," and other Poems.

The hofts of Israel flood encamp'd 'gainst Ammon's ruthless pride,

And to the Lord for victory in anguish Jephtha cried:
"Oh, give me but the battle, Lord, and I will vow to
Thee,

Whatever'from my house comes forth to bless and honour me,

When back in peace to Mizpeh a conqueror I go; Lord, let the flag of Ifrael wave when Ammon lieth low!"

Victorious from battle came the flower of Jephtha's host— Jephtha, the chief of Gilead, of Israel's power the boast; From Aroer to Minnith, and the vineyards of the plain, He hath triumph'd o'er the mighty in fields of blood and slain.

The din of warfare over, to Judah's lafting fame,
Back to his house at Mizpeh the mighty Conqueror came;
And when upon a fudden hill the scene before him spread,
Behold a maiden dancing came, with a timbrel o'er her
head!

He rein'd his chariot on the hill, his horfes back he drew; But on the maiden came in glee, the ground beneath her flew; She waved her fnowy arms on high, she beat the timbrel loud,—

Clear rang her fong of welcome, then at his feet she bow'd.

He stood erect in mute despair, like a lion in the toils; What then to him his conquests, their glory and their spoils?

He gazed upon the maiden, and the drops flood on his brow,—

"O God! it is my daughter,—my daughter is my vow!"

Oh, lovely star of Jephtha, fair flower of filial grace,
Too well may Ifrael mourn for thee, last scion of his race!
The hope of Judah's maidens may never now be thine,
But honour for thy father's vow around thy name will
shine:—

The leffon of the Sacred page lies not in Gilead's flaughter, But in the patient loveliness of Jephtha's fated daughter.



RESOLVE AND DO.

BY THE REV. H. M. BUTLER, M.A.

"Work your work betimes, and in His time He shall give you your reward."—Ecclus. li. 30.

To know the number of my mortal days
I ask not; be they many, be they few,
Each moment the sad voice of suff'ring prays,
"Resolve and do."

The Temple of thy God in ruin flands:
Go up and build, and take thy trueft arms;
And grafp the Gofpel-trumpet in thy hands
To found alarms.

Lay firmly every flone; long years may be,
And flormy winds may rend, ere all be done:
But lay the *first*; thou mayft not live to fee
To-morrow's Sun.

Build for the Future; let our children fay,
"His mind was finely toned and deeply fet:"
But look around thee, nor be flow to pay
The prefent debt.

The "vision and the faculty divine"

Come not by dreaming: he whose eye is clear

To read the present, reads the future sign,—

The truest Seer.

God deigns to need thy weakness; heed His call, "Unhasting, yet unresting:" short or long
The days that wait thee, they are His—yea, all
To Him belong.

STARS OF GLORY.

By the Rev. D E. FORD,

Author of "Decapolis," "Damascus, &c.

"One star differeth from another star in glory."-St. PAUL.

DIVINELY bleft, the infant foul,
On Angel-pinions borne away,
Ere it could feel this world's control,
Or find the path that leads aftray!

But happier far the veteran faint
Who lays his long-worn armour by,
And quits a life of hard restraint
To share the victory on high!

His warfare done, he leaves the field,
And enters on his Heavenly rest;
While some young warrior grasps that shield
Which erst he bore, and wears that crest.

So, when the Prophet's mantle cleft
The stream to make Elisha way,
Elijah pilgrimage had left
For realms of everlasting day.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Who is he in hairy raiment
Clad, i' the wilderness
Preaching freely without payment
Truth and righteousness?
Whoso hears, and not despises,
Him with water he baptizes,
In the contrite hour:
Whoso hears with haughty scorning,
Him he smites with holy warning,
And with Prophet's power.

Swarms the city from its corners,

Motley bad and good;
Thoughtless hearts and hoary mourners

Haste to Jordan's flood:
Some for fin their fouls abasing;
Some to feed their eye with gazing;
Some to fearch and try
With captious craft the shaggy Preacher,
And themselves to teach the Teacher;
Some they know not why.

Comes the Rabbi, with a flately
Meafured gravity;
With a folemn air, fedately
Comes the Pharifee;

Wide his robe, and on the border
Sacred texts, in well-march'd order,
Show his purpose plain—
With a nice and fenced existence,
Far to keep, at holy distance,
Every touch profane.

Came fat Priest, and Pontiff portly,
With a bloated face;
Came Herodian, smooth and courtly,
With a gay grimace.
Came the Essene from his station
Of secluded contemplation;
And (strange sight to see)
With an eye of twinkling keenness,
And a smile of cold sereneness,
Came the Sadducee.

Came the Soldier firm and steady,
Frolicsome and gay,
With his quick hand ever ready
For the rising fray.
Came the Usurer, dry and meagre;
Came the Publican, keen and eager
For great Cæsar's penny.
With a train of silken pages
Comes the rich man; with scant wages
Come the burden'd many.

What faith he, the wayfide Preacher,
To this motley crew?

Doth he come a cunning Teacher
Of lore strange and new?

Hath he drawn without omission,
Point for point, a long confession,
To inform the brain?
Piled a fabric theologic,
Fenced it round with brissling logic
And distinctions vain?

Hath he wove a girth to measure.

God, a chain to bind

The Infinite, and mapp'd at leisure

The omniscient Mind?

Hath he trimm'd an old Theogony,

Cumbrous rear'd a new Cosmogony,

To employ the schools?

Not with speculation vainest

Preacheth he;—with wisdom plainest,

And with simplest rules.

Thus he fpeaks—"Repent! Repentance
Smooths Meffiah's way;

'Tis an old and weighty fentence,
Weigh it well to-day;
Haft thou nurft a fin?—confefs it:
Haft thou done a wrong?—redrefs it:
And with juft defire
Afk no more than what is due thee;
Be content, when offer'd to thee,
With thy lawful hire.

"Say not, with vain pride elated,
'God's own people we,'
Tracing high a hoary-dated
Patriarch pedigree.

Peopled earth is thickly studded
With the children, common-blooded,
Of the great I AM.
From the hard flint, at His pleasure,
God can raise up without measure
Sons to Abraham.

"Hear, whose barren trunk hath cumber'd
Now too long the ground,
Saith the Lord, your days are number'd;
Hark! with crashing found,
Falls the axe that fells the fruitless!
Toils He not with labour bootless
Who now smites the tree.
He my winnow'd wheat shall garner,
But like empty chaff the scorner
Burn with fire shall He."

Thus he preach'd to great and fmall men,
Of the human right;
Like the bleffed Sun, on all men
Shedding fimple light.
O! wife are they who hear fuch preaching,
Not too high for common teaching
In life's common ways;
Not with proud pretence ballooning,
Not with gay parade festooning,
To catch the vulgar gaze.

Flap who will the air-borne pinion, Sweeping far and free; Solid Earth be my dominion, Baptist John with thee! In the plainest path of duty,
Stamping daily things with beauty,
I with thee will tread;
Where thy warning finger pointed
I would follow, where the anointed
Saviour lowly led.

TRUST IN GOD.

By G. S. DE M. RUTHERFORD, Esq.

STRAY from Thee? No! The spirit in my breast,
That mock'd Thee first, will love Thee to the last;
And if my life be wreck'd, all hope o'ercast,
Still unto Thee 'twill turn, its Haven of rest.
Come to Thee? Yes! For there are links divine,
That bind me to Thee, Lord, great as Thou art;
And when the dying pulse shall throb my heart,
Death will but nearer draw it unto Thine.
When drifted on the waves without a guide,
When helpless borne without a helm or fail,
When Love's bright eyes grew cold at Danger's side—
My faith nail'd to Thy mast, Thou didst not fail.
Then, dear Lord, e'er be my abiding Guest,
While life, like brooding dove, dwells in my breast.

THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA.

By Miss ELLEN E. WHITE.

Before, the pathless Deep;
And on their track with vengeful haste
Egypt's dark squadrons sweep;
Till in the sunset's last red glow
Flashes the armour of the foe!

Then rose to Heaven a mighty cry;
A people's voice was on the air—
In every heart, in every eye,
Rebellion and despair;
"Why didst thou thus our steps beguile
Were there no graves beside the Nile?

"Where are the pleafant things and fair
That grow by Egypt's streams?
Is this lone waste, the lion's lair,
The Canaan of our dreams?
Is this dark Sea, this barren strand,
The pathway to the Promifed Land?"

The word is fpoken!—o'er the wave
Is firetch'd the Leader's myflic rod;
And fafely, through the yawning grave
Where human foot had never trod,
They reach at dawn the diffant fhore—
Their buried foes are feen no more!

O Lord! when, like Thy fons of old,
We wander through a barren waste,
Where Hope is faint, and Love is cold,
And bitter to our earthly taste
The stream that in the desert flows,
The daily bread Thy hand bestows,—

When haunting dreams of pleafant things
Make the lone wilderness more drear,
Where every hour in passing brings
Some present pain, some threat'ning fear,
And stretch'd before our shrinking eyes,
Like a dark sea, the Future lies,—

Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to guide,

Thy Crofs be there our path to mark:

Though high may fwell the flormy tide,

In Heaven is light, though Earth be dark:

Like those who cross'd that Eastern sea,

We shall be safe who trust in Thee!



ART THOU IN HEALTH?

By the Rev. SEPTIMUS SEARS, Author of "Sacred Musings," &c.

Come, feeble Saint, why lean from day to day?

Has thy feebleness no cause?

Come, let me act the Surgeon's part, I pray,

And try thee by my Master's laws.

Thy pulse is beating high towards wealth or fame; A worldly fever wastes thy might; A feeblenefs of beating towards the Saviour's Name Is proof thy heart with God's not right, That tongue, film'd o'er with levity and earth, Not moist with earnest cries to God. Nor wet with godly moans nor godly mirth, Nor pleading hard a Saviour's Blood;— That eye, inflamed with lust or dim with care, Not looking to you bleeding Crofs, Not wash'd with godly grief nor raised in prayer, Nor counting all for Christ but loss;— That cheft, fo little heaving by the Spirit's grace, So little breathing at the throne, So feldom panting after Jesu's face, And longing after Him alone;— That fadly crooked walk; that flooping gait; That feebleness; the frequent fall; That strengthlessness to rife, to fly, to wait, And grasp the Saviour as thy All;

That want of appetite for things divine; That lack of hunger for the Living Bread; That little of thirsting for the Heavenly Wine; Those few heart-fighs to Christ, thy Head ;— All prove thy inward health is truly bad,— Thy foul with fickness droops and faints. But, listen! Though thy case, indeed, be fad, There's One can eafe thy heart's complaints; Balm in abundance in His love is found: He's tenderness and skill combined: Fly to His throne—He'll make His grace abound, And heal the fickness of thy mind. I'll tell thee why thy foul continues fick,— Some idol's harbour'd in thy heart: Thy hands will always droop, thy knees be weak, Till thou and thy dumb god shall part.

Lord! wilt Thou take the work in Thine own hands— Chase out the Dagons from my breast? They must obey Thy high and great commands, Who hush'd the stormy Sea to rest. Lord! make my heart at length fincerely fay, "What with dumb gods have I to do?" I'd fmite upon my thigh, repent and pray, Bemoan my fins, forfake them too: I'd come with all my heart to Thy dear Crofs,— Thy Blood can cure the guilt of fin. Oh, wash away my stains, and purge my dross, And make me from my idols clean! Let me through life show forth Thy praise, Yet fink to nothing at Thy feet; A fruitful branch, yet trusting in Thy grace, Hide in the dust, for me so meet.

Through grace I'd ferve my generation here, Then lay me down and calmly die; Passing the river, free from doubt or fear, I'd foar feraphic to the sky.

There, while for ever circling years roll on,
The victor's palm to Thee I'll wave,
Shout to the praise of Sov'reign grace alone,
And sing His love who died to save.

GOD AND MAN.

By Mrs. JOHNSTON,

Authoress of "Lays of the Lost One," &c.

G^{od} keepeth watch, with never-fleeping eye, Over the fouls of men: Angels, with earnest faces, round us fly, And upward foar again.

Man, with a laugh, a jeft, from moon to moon
Purfues his fhort career!
With, now and then, a thought—forgotten foon—
Of Death that may be near.

God thunders, in His just and holy ire,
Against that vile thing, sin;

And writes upon Heaven's gates, in words of fire,—
"No finner enters in."

Man toys with this thing which his Maker hates, And fmiles as in a dream;

While those great words, that blaze on Heaven's gates, To him unreal feem.

God, with a love fo great that, in amaze, All Heaven adoring stands,

Comes down to Earth, and bears with human ways, And dies by cruel hands.

Man reads with ferious face, at flated times,
Of God's great love to men;
Put worldly love ring out their idle chimes

But worldly Joys ring out their idle chimes, And steal his heart again.

God calls man, from the cradle to the grave, While the fhort feafons roll;

All Heaven is stirr'd with earnest love to save This blood-bought, God-made soul.

O man! thou masterpiece from God's right hand, Trisles are not for thee:

Awake, and join awhile God's warrior-band; Then rest eternally!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

BY THE REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

"Repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

THERE was a ship, one eve autumnal, onward Steer'd o'er an ocean lake;

Steer'd by fome ftrong hand ever as if funward; Behind an angry wake,

Before there stretch'd a sea that grew intenser, With silver-fire far spread,

Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer, With smoke encompassed:

It feem'd as if two feas met brink to brink, A filver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a Soul that eve autumnal failing Beyond the Earth's dark bars,

Toward the land of funfets never paling, Toward Heaven's fea of flars;

Behind there was a wake of billows toffing, Before a glory lay.

O happy foul! with all fail fet, just croffing Into the Far-away.

The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife, Were death before thee, and behind thee life,

And as that ship went up the waters stately,
Upon her topmasts tall
I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
Dark, as a funeral pall.

But oh! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter ?
Like a shell-snowy strand,
Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter
On a dead baby's hand;
But both alike across the surging sea

Help'd to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that Soul went onward, fweetly fpeeding
Unto its home of light,
Repentance made it forrowful exceeding,
Faith made it wondrous bright;
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,
And longings unsufficed,
Faith white and pure with sunniest affections
Full from the face of Christ:
But both across the sun-besilver'd tide

Help'd to the haven where the heart would ride.

I'LL THINK ON GOD.

BY THE REV. J. LAWSON, M.A.

"When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God."-Ps. lxxvii. 3.

When Sorrow's flood wells o'er its brim,
And eyes with weary watch wax dim,
Whilst frowns To-morrow's vifage grim—
I'll think on God!

When not the vefper strain of thrush,
Or blackbird screen'd in neighbouring bush,
Avails mine inward throbs to hush—
I'll think on God!

When e'en Earth's flars, her flowers, that vie With those that nightly gem the sky,
Unheeded greet my downcast eye,—
I'll think on God!

Is not His word of well-proved might To pierce Affliction's deepest night, Converting darkness into light?

I'll think on God!

Says not His own beloved Son,—
"Take comfort in what I have done,
In My Salvation trust alone"—
I'll think on God.

Whatever clouds obfcure my way, Till earthly shadows fleet away, And dawns the everlasting day, I'll think on God.

THE LAY OF THE LOWLY.

BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY, Esq.

Nor loft are they whose journey lies
Along the world's most tangled ways;
Nor need they faint if burning skies
Dry up the wells for many days,—
Nor they repine whose lot commands
A life-path through the desert fands.

For lo! the Gospel waters clear
Are given to their aching eyes,
Wherein, though dimm'd by earthly tear,
They yet may see the skies,—
Along whose margin spreads the strand
That stretches to the Holy Land.

We may be poor through all our days,
Yet gather great increase;
Our lives may lead through rugged ways,
But all their paths be Peace;
And they on Earth the ferfs of toil
Are heirs of an immortal foil.

'Twas thus the Ladder's lowest round Rose up where, faint and weary thrown, The Patriarch's head no pillow found More gentle than the stone; Yet there he caught the meffage bright
That founded down the golden spars,
And track'd in dreams the steps of light
That climb'd beyond the stars,—
And knew they were the shining road
That took the Angels up to God.

WAITING.

By MRS. J. C. SIMPSON.

I AM waiting, O my Mother!
Watching, waiting for the day,
From this motley fcene shall take me
To that better home away:
For the thought with sick'ning forrow
Shadows still my spirit o'er,
Her who blest my earliest being
I shall see on Earth no more!

I am waiting, O my Daughter!
Watching, waiting to be free
From these cold, material setters,
That divide my foul from thee:
For the memory of thy beauty,
Sweetly tender in its tone,
Haunts me like a dream most holy
Wasted from the Eternal Throne.

I am waiting, O my Children!
Sons call'd hence in infant bloom,—
Watching, waiting till the Master
Point my passage to the tomb:
For your childlike Spirit seemeth
Like a mantle dropt from Heaven,
Gently o'er my sad heart sallen,
And my fins are all forgiven.

I am waiting, O my Saviour!

Till Thine Angel ope the door,
Through whose mystic Portals never
Pilgrim past returneth more:
For the loveliness hath faded
From the things of sense and sight,
Lost in that excelling glory
Of the Land of Love and Light.

I am waiting, watching, praying,
For that fure and folemn hour,
When the Heaven-appointed Reaper
Shall cut down the parched flower:
Then, oh! then, to be transplanted
To that Garden's amaranth bed,
Where in full perennial glory,
I shall find my sainted dead!

HOME.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, Esq., F.S.A.

Author of "Antenna," "The Snow-path," &-c.

Brother,—in pain, or fadness, or joy,
Where, where is thy dearest Home?
Where wouldst thou sly from the World's annoy,
Where in thy trouble come?
Where turn for comfort, and hope, and love,
Where feek for sympathy?
Where could thy heart, like a fluttering dove,
Rest from its misery?
Say, where is thy Home—all homes above!
Brother, thy "Home" is a sister's love.

Husband,—oh, where is thy dearest Home,
Thy solace in pain or grief?
Where from the false World's scorning,
Canst thou turn to find relief?
Where, when the spirit within thee sinks,
And thy weary soul is opprest,
Where canst thou turn for sympathy,
Where find a haven of rest?
Say, where for solace and joy canst thou come?
A wife's fond heart is the husband's "Home."

Friend,—when in trial and fuffering,
Where dost thou find thy home?
Where in thy pain canst thou seek relief,
Where in thy forrows come?

Where from the World's rude conflict
Canst thou find a calm retreat?
Where learn afresh with courage
Thy trials and forrows to meet?
Where is thy shield from Adversity's dart?
Friend, thy "Home" is a loved one's heart.

Man,—when thy heart is torn with grief,
When thy hopes are for ever gone,
When Adverfity's cloud hangs over thy head,
And Earth's troubles weigh thee down,—
When those whom thou lovest have turn'd away,
And cruelly slighted thee,—
When thy heart is crush'd, and thy joys are gone,—
For shelter, oh! where canst thou see?
Man, though from comfort on Earth thou'rt driven,
Thy "Home" and thy joy are with God in Heaven.

THE HEART.

By the Rev. H. M. BUTLER, M.A.

No Heart fo low but it hath many mountains, Now feal'd in ice, now bathed in fun:

No Heart fo fhallow but hath welling fountains,

Reveal'd to God alone.

THE SNOW.

By A. J. SYMINGTON, Esq.

Author of " The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life."

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

JOB, XXXVIII. 22.

I STOOD gazing, from the window,
On the fleecy Snow
Falling—falling—ever falling,
Solemnly and flow;

And I felt the downy stillness

To be more sublime

Than the thunder—flakes like ages

In the lapse of Time!

Bright Sun! blue skies! Now the orchard
Hath no air of gloom,
White-clothed, down-weigh'd branches seeming
Laden with summer-bloom:

Not a shroud! an eider mantle
Shielding Earth from storm,
Is the friendly snow; it keepeth
Flower and grass-blade warm!

So with chilly biting Trials,

Rightly understood;

God, aye watching those that love Him,

Worketh all for good.

THE LAMB OF GOD, THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH.

By Miss CAROLINE HUNT,

Authoress of " The Voice of Many Waters."

Not shame nor insult, mockery, scourging, death, Could wring one bitter word from Him they flew; In prayers and bleffings ebb'd His parting breath; "Father, forgive! they know not what they do." Yet countless legions of the Heavenly Host, His eye could fee array'd around the Throne, Prepared to fave Him, when He feem'd fo loft, Lost and forsaken! But He trod alone That deadly wineprefs. Who can realize His strange temptation? He was human, still Felt more than man each mortal pain and il; Still in His Soul would human yearnings rife; But meek, fubmiffive to His Father's will, Born the Eternal Councils to fulfil, The Lamb of God, felf-immolated, dies, For guilty man an all-atoning Sacrifice.

Yet was He angry once; with flashing eye
The Lion of the tribe of Judah rose,
Zealous His Father's House to purify;
Nerved was that gentle Hand with wrath, His blows
Drove the rapacious usurers away;—
The Lord was in His Holy Temple then.

Who shall abide His coming in His day
Of might and glory, when He comes again
To judge the World, His Angel-court around?
"The elements shall melt with fervent heat,"
And Death and Hell fall crush'd beneath His feet:
When all Creation hears the Trumpet-sound,
When you and I before His Judgment-seat,
And they that loved, and they that pierced Him, meet,
Oh! where shall we, Thou Lamb of God, be found,
Thou Lion of Thy Tribe, unless Thy grace abound?

For nought impure, unholy, or defiled, Enters the regions of Eternal Day. Oh! let us not, by Earth or Hell beguiled. Throw all our precious hopes of Heaven away. To "purify ourselves as He is pure," To follow in the path which Jefus trod, To love, to truft, to hope, and to endure. This is the life acceptable to God. Though Sin within us wages deadly war, Yet will He fuccour those for whom He died: For us the Lord of Life was crucified; His living Temples still our bodies are! By His strong Hand may they be purified, In them may He, the Holy Lamb, abide; And may His glories, beaming from afar, Shine on our darken'd fouls, a "bright and morning Star."

THE SANCTUARY OF GOD.

By HENRY CECIL, Esq. Author of Various Poems.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"—I COR. iii. 16.

In the light of funfet fading,
In the furge of the wide Sea,
Wave on wave the shore abrading,
Comes a Voice and whispers me:

"Man of fongs, to whom is given Much to fuffer and to know, Sing us of the fongs of Heaven—Zion's fong, if warbled low.

"There is tarnish on the earthy:
All things Mortal wail the curse:
Only Faith's unseen is worthy
Of the honours of great verse."

And above the funfet fading,
Holding me in thrall, I flee;
And above the white invading
Surge on furge of the wide Sea;

Seeking, if I may but find it, Find it truly of God's grace, That rent veil, and free behind it The Holy and most Holy Place.

From below the morning—hearken!
Sweet and low the chant is drawn;
But the Cherubs' faces darken,
And the glory-cloud is gone.

Priests no more, with choral vesture,
Raise the psalm on that high road;
Kingly feet, with lavish gesture,
Move before the Ark of God.

In no Cedar House *He* lingers;
Shawm and cymbal waxen mute,
Struck no more by cunning fingers,
Crumble at the altar's foot.

Now His rest is with the lowly,
With the weakest foul His might;
With the finful walks the Holy,
In the darkness dwells the Light.

And amidst the furge's swelling
With adoring fear I fee
This, God's people are His dwelling,
His true Temple is in me.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

By the Rev. J. G. SMALL, M.A.

Author of "The Highlands," and "Hymns for Youthful Voices," &c.

COME, learn from Nature, ye who mourn Some lovely flower's untimely blight, By Death's rude, wintry tempests torn, And snatch'd from your afflicted sight. Come, on reviving Nature gaze,—
For many a thought these scenes may raise To soothe your troubled heart,—
To turn your wailing into praise,
And richest balm impart.

Erewhile, o'er all this living fcene
A dark funereal pall was fpread;
Gone was the gay and lively green,
And all the radiant flowers were dead.
Yet on the defolation there
Ye did not look in blank defpair,
But, with prophetic view,
Descried the time when Spring's foft air
Should deck the plains anew.

And shall ye not as firmly trust,
And as rejoicingly believe,
The Word that o'er a loved one's dust
Forbids you hopelessly to grieve?
For furely as the lovely bloom
Of Spring succeeds the wintry gloom,

That late o'erspread the plain,—So surely from the cheerless tomb
The Dead shall rife again.

Though "in corruption it is fown,
In incorruption it shall rife;"
Now Earth may claim it for its own,
'Twill then be fitted for the Skies.
And as the fairest flower that blows
Excels the feed from whence it rose,
Shall that bright form excel
The frame, which to its long repose
In Death's cold winter fell.

PIOUS TRAINING.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WRITTEN IN MY GODCHILD'S BIBLE.

BLEST is the home where childhood's pious training,
Like a clear funrife, ushers in Life's day;
Our noon beholds the steadfast light remaining
On flowery track or thorn-encumber'd way:
And when that Orient light had westward shifted,
Serenely still the tranquil radiance shines,
While to the Eye of Faith, in joy uplisted,
Heaven shows more glorious as Earth's day declines!

TIME, DEATH, AND LOVE.

By JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, Esq.

TIME is a prince whose resistless sway
Everything earthly must needs obey:
The din of war, and the tyrant's frown,
And the shepherd's crook, and the conqueror's crown,
Palaces, pyramids, temples, towers—
With the falling leaves, and the fading flowers,
And the funset's flush, and the rainbow's ray—
At the touch of Time all are passing away.

And Death, with a paffionless, cloudless eye,
And a crown of frost, standeth ever by;
He breathes on the brow of the old and the young,
He stays the heart and he stills the tongue;
From the fetter'd soul he unbinds the chain—
And the wave of passion, the pulse of pain,
And hope's fitful gleam, and woe's hurried breath,
Are all lapp'd in the glorious calm of Death!

But Love on his fun-bright wings fublime, Floats above the weltering foam of Time; And the power of his Paradifal breath Flings a flush of life o'er the frost of Death. Time shall pass like a dewdrop at dawn of day, And Death like a rainbow shall fade away; While Love by the Word of God shall be The Sun of the Heaven of Eternity!

THE RESTLESS HEART.

By Mrs. ABDY.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests on Thee."—St. Augustine.

Oh, reftless Heart, uncertain, weak, and changing, Of failing purpose, and of feeble will, O'er scenes of vanity now idly ranging, Now gloomily intent on coming ill; Life's varied Fantasies now idly greeting, Now longing to the hermit's cell to slee: Wilt Thou not aid me, Lord, to still its beating? My Heart is restless till it rests on Thee.

Sometimes it feeks the haunts of proud Ambition,
Sometimes for grave and studious leifure fighs;
Exults awhile in Fame's enchanting vision,
Or clings to pure Affection's tender ties.
Sometimes, absorb'd in prayer and contemplation,
It feeks, through Faith, a better land to fee;
Alas! why yields it to the world's temptation?
Why should that restless Heart e'er turn from Thee?

Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and ever
Thy presence should within my heart be known,
Could I but prosper in the poor endeavour
I feebly make, to keep it for Thine own.

Lord, I befeech Thee, calm its wild emotion,
From Earth's delufive idols fet it free,
And fill with holy thoughts of meek devotion
The reftlefs Heart that fain would reft on Thee!

A PROVERB PARAPHRASED.

By ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq.

O^H! welcome the forrow that fingly is fent; A bleffing how oft in difguise,— A fign of God's love and His pity, but meant To fashion the soul for the Skies!

Oh! welcome the forrow that fingly arrives,
Nor 'gainst Heaven's temper'd fiat rebel;
'Tis a merciful blow the fond heart that deprives
Of some idol it loved but too well!

Oh! welcome the grief if God fends you but one,
Though the heart's cherish'd dream it may dim;—
And rejoice if repentance, though late, may atone
For a lifelong estrangement from Him!

When misfortunes o'ertake us, not feldom they come In "battalions," our hopes to o'erwhelm; Yet the wildest of storms may impel us towards Home, If the Vessel obeys but her helm!

BAPTISMAL LAY.

BY THE REV. J. DAYMAN, M.A.

Jesus, while the dews of morning
Sparkle on the infant brow,
Freshness every glance adorning,
Write Thy Name, O write it now!
Thou wilt watch the opening flow'ret,
Cleanse from every earthly stain;
Guard, that no vile worm devour it,—
Give the first and latter rain.

When the noon-tide heat oppreffes,
And beneath a burning fky,
While no friendly gardener dreffes,
Flowers of earth must droop and die,—
Screen'd beneath o'ershadowing mountain,
Bid the fickly plant revive;
Bathed in Thine Eternal Fountain,
Save the bruised reed alive.

And when Evening's aged fingers
Wrap the world in fober gray,
And the colder night-breeze lingers
But to grieve o'er fading day,—
Jefus, Thou the bloffom gather
With Thine own Right Hand, to bear
To the gardens of Thy Father,
Cull'd to bloom immortal there.

THE BEST-BELOVED.

By ROWLAND BROWN,

Author of "Songs of Early Spring," "Lily Leaves," &c.

I LOVE the gems in the crown of Night,
And I love the pearls of the Sea;
And the violet-breath of the Spring-time bright
Wakes a fweet delight in me.
I love the wild-flowers kift by the breeze,
And I love the birds on the bough;
And I love the whifpering leaves of the trees,
And the dew on the young Morn's brow.
I love the voice of the child of fong,
Of the wave and the waterfall;
But there's ONE in the glorious world above
That I love far more than all!

I love the fmile of each darling face
That lights with its joy my home;
And a Mother's and Sister's fond embrace,
That greets me when I come.
I love the grasp of an honest hand,
And a true Friend's kindly word;
And I love the sympathizing band,
Whose hearts by a tear are stirr'd.
I love the sound of my Father's voice,
And the lips from which blessings fall;
But there's One in the glorious world above
That I love far more than all!

EVENING.

By IRENE.

The weary Sun his western bed
Of wavy gold once more has found,
While blushing clouds his finking head
With wreaths of crimson light have crown'd.

The meadow cowflip and the rofe
That proudly blooms in Beauty's bower,
Alike their drowfy petals close,
And own, calm Eve, thy magic power.

No found, no voice the stillness breaks,
Save where the streamlet warbles clear
Her vesper chaunt, and fostly makes
Fit music for the thoughtful ear.

It is the hour when Fancy moves
Bright shadows through the poet's brain,
When phantom-haunted Memory loves
Gently to soothe the mourner's pain:

When on the stedfast wings of prayer
Towards the Almighty Father rise
Pure fouls that own His guardian care,
Who heavenward gaze with fearless eyes.

It is the hour when trembling man
The voice of Heavenly Justice heard:

In wrath those awful tones began, But closed in Mercy's whisper'd word.

The hour when to the death-doom'd plain
The Herald-Spirits fwiftly fped:
But Mercy now began the strain,
Ere wrath its fiery storm might shed.

It is the hour when wandering flow
Forth the lone fon of Sarah went,
Nor deem'd to cheer his filial woe
More than a mother's love was fent:

For the draws near, that maid who foon
Unto his dreary tent thall prove
Bright Sun and fofter beaming Moon,
Cool honey'd dew and sheltering grove.

It is the hour, oh, faddest thought,
At once yet holiest! when the tomb
O'er Him, who man's Salvation wrought,
Cast her dark shade of death and gloom.

Sweet Evening, ever may it be
My lot beneath thy star-gemm'd veil
To walk and meditate with thee,
Fann'd by thy lightly stirring gale.

And let no dream of worldly blifs,
Grave Nymph, invade thy votary's heart;
But let thy warning note be this:
"From Earth and earthly things we part!"

SABBATH HOURS.

BY THE REV. J. C. BOYCE, M.A.

OH! pass not hence so sweetly, Bright Sabbath-hours, we pray; None other tell fo fweetly Of regions far away; None other half as richly blefs Spirits that yearn to prove The strong bright flame of earnestness. The melting mood of love-Of speaking and unspoken trust, The long-enduring might; Or hope, that girdles round the dust Of death with heavenly light. No breath of flowers at eventide, When the rain-cloud's store is spent; No cooling airs fo foftly glide From the fultry firmament; No wavelefs calm along the Deep, When its fever-pulse is still; No vifitings of dew-like fleep To eyelids worn with ill; No filver tone of dropping rain Upon the sparkling pool; No blending of heart-fires again, That abfence could not cool:— NOTHING in earth, or air, or fea, Can paint the nameless witchery, The foothing, hallowing memory

Of Sabbath-time;
When man from his fever'd earth-dream wakes
To his real, deathlefs life, and aches
For his Home fublime.

Why art thou bodilefs, Sabbath-calm? Cannot we grafp thee, breath of balm? Why should the altar-flame grow dim In the heart that has thrill'd with love? Why should it fade, that distant hymn, Caught from the choirs above? Angel-forms, ye do but raife A moment from the spirit's gaze The damp and mifty veil, close drawn, 'Tween earthly night and heavenly dawn,-A moment only may the ear Drink in the music of your sphere: A moment only may the brain Be tranced, and all goes dark again,-Dark as those mimic landscapes grow (Island, and fea, and mountain-height) Traced in the funfet's golden glow On fombre draperies of Night. Yet, oh! as noon-tide funbeams shed Bright haloes round the mountain's head, So linger near us, and our feet Shall ever from the World retreat. Born of your prefence, hovering nigh, The voice of lip and heart shall be E'en as the worship of the sky, Bursts of uncloying melody, Sweet as the river's changeless tune Beneath the genial warmth of June

And vigorous as the fky-lark's lay, Bathed in the glories of mid-day.

Yet hush! for o'er us, Hosts of Light,
Vigil ye keep by day, by night;
And fain would feal upon the breast
Thoughts that more constant mood should win:
But the dark wings of Evil rest,
Distilling opiate drops of sin
Over each charmèd fense, to still

Impatience of committed ill.

Too oft, alas! man's better hour

Is respite only from the pow'r

Of his worst foe. Too oft a glance,

A figh, a momentary pain,
Just breaks the dire repose; then dance
Once more athwart the whirling brain
The furies of Despair, and steep
Their slave in Lethe's poison'd sleep.
O Sin! O bitter, hateful power,
Marring each tranquil Sabbath-hour!

May we not free us from thy fpell?

May we not quit thy dungeon-gloom?

Wilt thou not leave us there to dwell

At rest, where fairest Graces bloom,
Like flow'rets, in the heart's earth-heaven
Of hope renew'd, of sins forgiven —
Quicken Thy conquering march, O Lord,
Of stainless good; for hearts are faint

With yearnings that Thy mightier Sword
Should rid the Earth of evil-taint:—

That each unholy impulse should be flain,

And o'er the ranfom'd World one endless Sabbath reign.

FAITH.

By GEORGE J. CAYLEY, Esq.

What is the Faith that justifies?
A Light Divine, a kindling Grace;
The glory of the Saviour's face,
Meeting the gaze of lifted eyes!

What works fuch Faith shall manifest?

A strenuous spirit-struggle, still

To lead His Life, and do His Will,—
Sad shreds and patches at the best!

Alas! in weakness we are born:
Our childhood's innocence, so fair,
Is flimsy frail as woven air,
Made only to be soil'd and torn.

But though the Thorn of trial tear,
And gush the wounds of bleeding pride,
We may not cast the rags aside,
Like naked fiends in foul despair:

For He, who yearly rifts the rind
To sheathe anew the forest's growth,
With His Own Righteousness shall clothe
The faithful fouls His Cross hath sign'd.

Trial is our great Healer's probe

To found the ulcerous depths of fin,
Shame's tatters all are shed within
The shelter of the seamless robe.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE REV. W. W. HOW, M.A.

"Solemn before us
Veil'd the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars filent rest o'er us,
Graves under us filent."—GOETHE.

The Poet scann'd with mighty awe
The Mystery of Man:
He spake the strange things that he saw,
And thus it ran:—

"The filent Stars are overhead,
The filent Graves below;
A Dream between—how quickly fled,
Is all we know."

He pointed up, he pointed down,—
The witneffes were there;
O'er the Between a veil was thrown
He could not tear.

The Preacher faw the hand he raifed,
And heard the words he fpake:
And in his foul, with grief amazed,
A fire outbrake.

"Poet," he cried, "the things we fee,
They are not all we know,—
The web of thy Philofophy,
I rend it fo:"—

He pointed with his eager hand
Behind, and then before;
"And there, and there, for ever stand
Two wonders more:

"The filent Stars fing out with mirth,
The Graves with grafs are green;
Christ cometh twice upon the Earth—
We live between!"

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By MRS. ALEXANDER,

Authoress of "The Legend of the Golden Prayer," "Moral Songs," &c.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

The fick man in his chamber
Through the long weary night,
Tos'd on his reftless pillow,
How longs he for the light!

He counts the hours that linger, Heavy with clouds and rain, And a great weight of darkness Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar;
While glimmers the pale night-light,
And fades the midnight star;

Till Eastward in the heaven
He fees at last the fign—
O'er the far purple mountain
A fingle filver line.

It broadens and it deepens
To a fea of red and gold,
With clouds of rofy amber
Around its glory roll'd.

Till each pane of his window
Is filver'd o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the dusky floor.

The fick foul lieth weary
In the world's foft unreft,
With clouds of care and forrow
And weight of fins oppreft.

Out of the night fhe crieth,
Out of the narrow room:
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom?

Break on this Night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope,
Through waftes of vain endeavour,
'Neath stars of fruitless hope.

O'er the great Hills of Sadness
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and losses,
And black with many a fin;—

Rife, rife above the mountains, With healing on Thy wings; Break, break into the chambers, Where pain in fecret flings.

Come while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to blefs;
Look through the lowly lattice—
Bright Sun of Righteoufnefs!

Set for the hearts that love Thee
Thy Token up above—
The white rays of Redemption,
And the red fire of Love.

Out of our gloom we call Thee, Out of our helples night; Sun of the World, sweet Saviour! Show us Thy Perfect Light.

CONSOLATION.

LINES WRITTEN IN VISITING THE SICK.

By the Rev. J. MYERS KING M.A.

HELP me, my God, in faith to feed
The flock Thy Providence decreed
Should feek its food from me!
Yet not from me. Oh, be Thy Word,
In everlasting accents heard,
The food that comes from Thee!

Is anguish on yon sufferer's brow,
Futurity fore-shadow'd now,—
Meet chastisement for sin?
First be by Thee the teacher taught,
The shepherd to his Master brought,
Reproach with felf begin.

Who feels the fore the cure may teach;
Who learns of Christ may Jesus preach;
Prostrate, may others raise:
The suppliant best may lead the prayer;
Who lowliest proves each daily care,
Best strike the note of praise.

Poor is his blifs who ne'er hath felt His foul at its transgressions melt In falutary grief: Poor is the wifdom that can own No folly in itfelf alone,

Nor owning find relief.

Whose voice would other sinners blame,
His own unruly will must tame;
But he who seeks his God
In humble penitence, may say,
"Brother, like thee of sinful clay,
With thee I kiss the rod."

One voice shall then the silence break,
One voice to each can pardon speak,
One voice, and one alone:
'Tis His, whose only Arm can keep
From wolves the shepherd or the sheep,
The Christian soldier crown.

Saviour adored, Eternal King,
The meanest mounts on golden wing,
Whom Love ascending bears:
And who through all the World so bright
As he who in unclouded light
Thy robe all-radiant wears?

Then welcome life's inglorious part,
Fame only vainer makes the heart;
And welcome lowly cares:
The Pilgrim best may forward go,
Whose staff supports another's woe.
He best his soul prepares,

Who feeks in unobtrufive round
His Master where on Earth he found
His merciful employ:
The tear on Resignation's cheek,
Mute Sorrow, 'mid her sufferings meek,
Will chide him into joy.

LIFE SONG.

By MRS. POSTLETHWAITE.

HEART, O Heart! why thus bewailing?—Calmly o'er Life's wave thou'rt failing, Mufic, why art thou all wailing?

Voice, O Voice, why drown'd in tears?
O'er the ills all deem lie fleeping,
Thou a filent watch art keeping,
Outward calm, yet inly weeping
O'er the flranded wrecks of years.

Heart, poor Heart! while thus thou'rt bleeding,
Faint and anguish'd in thy needing,
Mercy for thy life is pleading—
Dews of Pity round thee shine;
And, as Mercy grace conferring,
Leadeth forth to Light the erring,
Hope thy laden depths is stirring
With the might of Faith Divine:
Griefs are gifts from Mercy's shrine,
Thou shalt chaunt Amens for thine.

GRASS UPON THE HOUSETOP.

BY FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP,

Authoress of "Wayside Fancies," &c.

"Let them be even as the grass growing upon the housetops, which withereth afore it be plucked up.

"Whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom."—Ps. cxxix. 6, 7.

Where'er the mower's step doth pass,
Like keel-cut billows lie apart
The rippled waves of new-mown grass.

When Autumn, now a matron calm,
Her crown of perfect fruitage wears.
The fearlet Poppy-pennons shine
Among a field of golden spears.

The grateful Earth that nurft the feed, Gives fevenfold back the gift again; Not mine the fcented flow'ry fwathes,— Not mine the fheaves of golden grain.

The dusty housetop gave me birth,

That knows not rill, nor brook, nor spring;

Fed by the casual shower of rain,

I wither ere my gathering.

No fcented blooms entwine me round,
No mower fills with me his hand;
No reaper's bofom takes me in,
The while he binds the fheaf in band.

Such, Righteous Lord, Thou hast decreed, Shall be their doom, or foon or late,Who blindly warring 'gainst Thy Will,Lay Sion's vineyard defolate.

And as my fate is, fuch is theirs,

To whom the warning fent in vain

Was given in days of old, and fince

Has still been urged, and fcorn'd again.

GOD BLESSETH EVERYWHERE.

By JOHN EMMET, Esq.

THERE'S joy within the cottage door,
And joy within the hall;
Joy for the rich, and for the poor,
For you, and me, and all.
God never flints the meed of bliss,
Nor deals too great a flare;
But loves yon World, yet loveth this—
God bleffeth everywhere.

Whene'er I fee a cottage rofe
Around the doorway creep;
Whene'er I fee the deer-park clofe
The palace in its fleep,
I wonder, do ye weep and figh,
Or are ye happy there?
And then I fing, and thus fing I—
God bleffeth everywhere.

And when I hear a grateful hymn
Float down the river's tide,
Or fee, within the garden trim,
Friends happy fide by fide,—
I thank my loving God for what
I hear and fee fo fair,
And hear and feel with praifes the

And hear and feel with praifes that God bleffeth everywhere.

O tenants of the hall and cot,
Ye may have raven eyes,
Yet figh for blifs that woos ye not,
Or woo it till it flies;
Or ye may have no cherry cheek,
And yet defy all care;
God heals the heart—it fhall not break—

God bleffeth everywhere.

The birds laugh through the Summer-time
In pleafure on the trees,
And every harebell rings a chime
Of mufic for the bees;
The honey-bee on humining wing
Goes roving here and there,
And fings with every living thing—
God bleffeth everywhere.

The clouds lie dreaming on the deep,
All in a joyous dream;
The merry flars do never fleep,
So bright with love they feem.
'Tis fung by valley, plain, and hill,
Through ocean, earth, and air,—
Ye may be happy if ye will,
God bleffeth everywhere.

TR UTII.

By the Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," &c.

"Strive for the truth to the death, and the Lord shall fight for thee."—Ecclus. iv. 28.

"Thou requirest truth in the inward parts."-Ps. li. 6.

O God of Truth, whose living Word Upholds whate'er hath breath, Look down on Thy creation, Lord, Enslav'd by sin and death.

Set up Thy Standard, Lord! that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to fmite the lies
That vex Thy groaning Earth.

Mount Thy white horfe, Thou Word of God,
Thy blood-stain'd vesture don;
To the last strife with Death and Hell
Lead Thy great army on.

Ah! would we join that bleft array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for Truth, we fight for God,
Poor flaves of lies and fin!
He who would fight for Thee on Earth
Must first be true within.

Then God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And flay the Falsehood there.

Thou Sword which goeth from His mouth, Smite thefe false hearts in twain! Here burn, thou never-dying fire! Fall on, thou fiery rain!

Still fmite! ftill burn! till nought is left
But God's own Truth and Love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie fet free,
Thy Perfect Truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

HELP IN TROUBLE.

By the Rev. A. GORDON, LL.D.

Author of "Heart-Effusions," &c.

When dire Misfortune, with her wings outspread,
Darkens the peaceful, heaven-bedew'd abode;
The just, with heart bow'd down, are not afraid,
But trust in God,—
Whose messengers descend to cheer and aid.

First cometh loving-hearted Sympathy,—
Hallow'd thy footsteps, messenger benign!
'Tis thine to soothe the bosom, hush the sigh,
With peace Divine;
O Sympathy, how soft that touch of thine!

Then cometh Hope, in Iris-colour dight,
With aspect mild that cheers the tearful eye:
As the lone Star dispels the shades of night,
Glittering on high,—
Hope fills the heart with visions of delight.

Then Faith, the child of Piety, all-fair,
Pours oil of Peace upon the stricken heart,
Supplying every want, dispelling care
By no false art,
But by those Truths which heavenly peace impart.

Child of Misfortune, then dry up thy tears,—
Thou doft not fall unfeen, nor ftand alone:
They who diftruft our God have caufe for fears,
But thou haft none;
Thy God will light the gloom, when Sorrow's cloud appears.



THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

By Mrs. JOHNSTON, Author of "Lays of the Lost One."

"For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the finging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Song of Sol. ii. 11, 12.

THE Time of the finging of birds is come
And Winter is past and gone;
Dark clouds are melting from Heaven's dome,
And larks spring up from their heather home,
To sing to the rising Sun.

Come, with the found of thy mufical wing,
Thou timid and gentle Dove!
With thy modest garb and snowy ring,
Come, mingle thy notes with the voice of Spring,
In a low, sweet song of love.

The Winter is over, the rain is ftay'd,
And flowers on the Earth appear;
From each little grave where the germ was laid,
Springs forth in new beauty a fresh green blade,
To bloom through another year.

Sun of my foul! fhall I fear to lay

This dust where the Spring flowers lie?

No, Thou wilt remember my sleeping clay

(For I witness Thy Truth to the flowers of May),

And raise me, no more to die!

The Time of the finging of birds will come,
And the Summer-fun shine bright;
But a beam more glorious shall pierce my tomb,
And this dust shall live in unfading bloom,
'Neath the beams of Eternal Light;

THE DREAD OF DEATH.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. HINDS, D.D.

"Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

If I could live a thousand years,
It would be but to shed more tears;
Yet life is sweet, I know not why,
And it is dreadful still to die.

O Father, draw me unto Thee, That life, this World's dead life, may be No more the thing I cleave to fo, Through all the weariness of woe.

I've walk'd with Thee, yet knew it not; Have known Thee, and as oft forgot; Elfe now I had not been afraid With Thee to walk in Death's cold shade.

When darkness terrifies my child, He clasps my hand and is beguiled Of fear—so I will cling to Thee, O Father, and from sear be free.

THE KING SIN.

BY THE REV. R. W. ESSINGTON, M.A.

The fon of Kish to battle went,
And well his warriors sped;
For by the God of Justice sent,
They bore His Sword of punishment;

And though King Agag fled, His heel at Havilah they fmote; At Shur their fpears were at his throat,

Their feet upon his neck;
And as the doom'd, the fpell-bound hare,
Which eyes the float, or feels the fnare,
Shrieks for its life in wild difmay,
So craving mercy, proftrate lay
The pride of Amalek.

But, fince to fpare would be to fin, The ruthless carnage must begin;

And foon it fwept o'er all,
The poor, the powerlefs, the old;
As lions crashing through the fold,
Or eagles with their lordly sweep,
Make havoc of the cowering sheep;

'Twas Death's grim Carnival.

But he their Chief—must Agag's sun Set thus for ever? He had done More ill than all his reckless band; Stain'd was his heart, and stain'd his hand, With that accurfed thing,
Which they who witness'd dared not tell;
And now, denounced by Samuel,
God's outlaw he; and yet the spell,

Which guards a fceptred King,
Preferves that worthless life, what time
God's dread avengers dog his crime,
And smite each petty villain down,
And burn the hut, and sack the town,

And thrust, and hack, and hew. "Shame on thee, Saul! yea, woe and shame," We cry aloud—Yet ours the same,

Both fin and ruin too;
Unlefs we turn with faith and prayer,
Ere Hope unripen'd feels the air
Of Death's chill winter, and Defpair
Springs from that foul decaying fruit,
And winding round its parent's root,

Has gnaw'd it through and through.

For at the Font we vow to win A triumph o'er those foes within, By God and holy Seer accurst—Of self the love, of wealth the thirst,

Hate, anger, lust, and pride; Yet oft-times, though the Holy One Has granted us His benison,

And, fighting on our fide, Has brought within an eafy reach Those glories which, surpassing speech,

With faintly hearts abide; We facrifice nor word, nor thought,

Which in the killing costs us aught,
But either poor and worthless things,
Or fuch as tire with buzzing wings,
Or guard their honey with their stings;
And having heightened the offence
With Pharisaical pretence,
And semblance of obedience,

We vie with recreant Saul;
And, like the king who, while the lance
Of Richard glitter'd in advance
Of Europe's armies, fail'd for France,
End that crufade which should have won
Jerufalem, at Afcalon,
And bid the retribution cease,
And with the accolade of peace

Grace that worst foe of all, Who, with a fallen tyrant's wiles, Wreathes darkest hate in lacquer'd smiles, Hides his fork'd tongue, and serpent's face, Till lovely seems his lithe embrace,

And fair his venom'd fting;
And cries, "Let war between us end:
The braver foe the firmer friend;
For like should never war with like,
The eagles do not eaglets strike,
And Kings should spare a King!"

Oft hear we now that pleading cry,
And grant the pardon, or deny,
As Faith is weak or ftrong;
And for a while none feems to heed

If God or Mammon stamp the deed,

Or Babel's towering pride to mark, Or Faith which builds her landlock'd ark;

But 'tis not thus for long—
At Death's bleak dawn falfe meteors fade,
And they who heard yet difobey'd,
Quail at the fate they may not fhun,
And are, and know themfelves, undone—
While, on the right hand who are they,
The children of the glorious Day,
Who, muster'd in God's bright array,

The Crowns Eternal win? They are the Hero-Saints—the true Crufaders they, who, born anew, With fprinklings of the morning dew, Drank from the cloven Rock, and fed At noontide on the Manna-bread, By the free Spirit comforted: And thus, although the World around Deceitful fmiled, or wrathful frown'd, They heeded not, but held their ground. The Sun, declining towards the West, Might tell of weariness and rest, But onward still, with panting breast, They march'd erect, nor when the night, Through very penury of light, Had brought the hofts of heaven in fight,

And still'd the World's dull din,
Fear'd they the shadows lengthening out,
But watching error's headlong rout,
They raised the Victor's joyous shout,
Remembering that, as Sunset here
Is Sunrise in another sphere,

So Evening mists around the tomb Tell not of Midnight's ghostly gloom, But of a new and brighter Morn Upon the Eternal Mountains born, For them who braved the heathen's rage, And, fighting for God's heritage,

Struck down the Anakin.

Nor refted then, but clear'd the field
Of dwarfish imps, who feign'd to yield,
And, with their dagger-points conceal'd
In rosebuds, crept beneath the shield;
And at the last, with bended knee,
And, arm'd with Faith's bright panoply,
They, though the falchion feem'd to go
Through their own hearts, yet laid him low—
Their own, their Master's deadly foe,

The King, the Agag Sin.

MY PRAYER.

By MARK LEMON, Esq.

THRICE hath my foeman wrong'd me, Lord,
And I have let him live;
Still may Thy hand keep back my fword;
Lord, teach me to forgive!
For three times three, and thrice again,
Have I offended Thee,
By felfish deeds, thoughts proud and vain,
And want of Charity.

PARTING.

By M. J. POSTLETHWAITE.

When the foft Night, gently stealing
O'er our half-unwilling eyes—
Day's past good and evil sealing,—
Dims the light from yon far skies;
Round us often visions seem
Of the quiet Past to gleam,
That murmur aye and ever to the heart,
How very bitter 'tis—and yet 'tis life—to part.

Far from those we love, who love us,
In life's gloom,—what joy to know,
There is but one Heaven above us,
But one Holy Faith below:
In our lonely hours and drear,
Oh, be this Faith ever near,
To teach us how, with all in faintly rest,
Earth's griefs and joys are lost, in one communion blest!

Ever hold we fast that oneness,

Peaceful, teachable, and pure;

So our day can ne'er be funless,

So our Faith and Love endure:

Since for us were Twain made One,

God and Man—one Love alone

Can fill our finking hearts with Heaven's own calm,

And fosten Earth's rude change with its unfailing balm.

THE ORCHARD.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT CARMEL.

By Mrs. ABDY.

How fair is the Orchard! the wide-fpreading trees
Are heavy with fruit, fo profufely bestow'd
That well may the owner rejoice when he sees
The branches bent down by their clustering load.

The holy Elijah is passing that way,
And meekly and humbly he prossers his suit:
"I thirst, I am weary, then give me, I pray,
A share of your lavish abundance of fruit."

But little the churl for the wayfarer cared;

He answer'd, in scoffing and bantering tones,

"Old man, it appears that your fight is impair'd,

The trees in my Orchard bear nothing but stones!"

The Prophet departed, worn, feeble, and fpent,
Denied the poor boons of refreshment and rest;
And utter'd this farewell remark as he went,
"True words have been frequently spoken in jest!"

Oh, wondrous! the fruits a strange aspect assume, Presenting a profitles outline alone; Their juices are dried, and their soft, dewy bloom Gives place to the dull, rigid hardness of stone!

Paufe, stranger, awhile! Are you felfish and cold,
When suppliants come for your bounty to plead?
Look round you—the wreck of the goods to behold,
So harshly withheld from a brother in need!

Forget not the Orchard: with eloquence mute,
This forcible moral it feems to impart,—
That a barren allotment of petrified fruit
Is a fitting requital for hardness of heart!

EMIGRANTS FAREWELL EUCHARIST.

BY THE REV. G. W. BRAMELD, M.A.

Tr is the folemn time
Of Mysteries sublime;
There is deep silence through the House of Prayer;
For, lo! with reverence high,
A little band draw nigh
To eat and drink their last Communion there.

'Tis their last Sabbath-day
Ere the swift bark away
From their own Native land shall bear them far;
And they no more may come
To this their Holy Home,
With morning's Sun or evening's rising Star.

No more with humble cry Of folemn Litany

Their voices 'mid the faithful band shall rise;

Nor in the Holy Song,

Their lips have hymn'd fo long,

Afcend with loud thankfgiving to the Skies.

For o'er the distant Sea Their future home must be,

'Mid lonefome woods, and rocks, and wilds unknown;

Where shall be none to tell

Of all they loved fo well,

Of household joys and cherish'd pleasures flown.

Then shall their thoughts return To their old homes, and yearn

For the fweet Sunday-bell of other times:

But they shall yearn in vain,

For them never again

Shall found the music of those Village-chimes.

Parting from all beside, To meet on Life's dark tide

They know not what of forrow and of change,

They fain would lean for rest

Upon His loving Breaft,

Whom from His own no trouble shall estrange.

And therefore 'tis, that now

They come, with quiv'ring brow

And tearful eye, this last High Feast to feek:

Matron and flurdy Sire,

And Youth's quench'd glance of fire,

And Maiden bending low in filence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band!

'Tis better thus to fland,

Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming fword.

Yours is the fhield of Faith

That mocks the darts of Death;

Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord!

Ye bear no gems nor gold
Forth from your homes of old;
Dark Penury hath forced you hence away:
But ye, we trust, have won,
Through God's Eternal Son,
That Crown of Glory which shall not decay.

The trials of your lot
Soon may be all forgot;
Ye shall pass onward to the distant shore,
And your remembrance sade,
Even as the morning shade;
The place that knew you once shall know no more.

But in your hearts shall lie
A sweet glad memory
Of this blest hour, to guide and cheer you on,
Until at length you come
To that Eternal Home,
Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.



MATIN HYMN,

FOR EMIGRANTS AT SEA.

By the Rev. J. KEBLE, M.A.

"He walked on the water, to go to Jefus."-MATT. xiv. 29.

SLOWLY the gleaming stars retire,
The Eastern heaven is all on fire;
The waves have felt the unrisen Sun,
Their matin fervice is begun.

Lord of the boundless sky and sea, In loving fear we kneel to Thee: Fain would we grasp the strong Right Hand Reach'd to Thine own by sea and land;

The Hand that did Thy Saint uphold, When love had made him over-bold, What time at twilight dawn he flood Half-finking in the boifterous flood.

He cried to Thee, and Thou didft fave; So we, Thine ocean-wanderers, crave (Ere the bright flush of morn be o'er) Thy blessing, Lord, for one day more.

Still onward as to Southern skies We spread our fail, new stars arise, New lights upon the glancing tide, Fresh hues where pearl and coral hide. What are they all, but tokens true Of grace for ever fresh and new: True tokens of Thine awful love Around us, Father, and above?

And we would daily, nightly draw Nearer to Thee in love and awe, Till in Love's home we pause at last, Our anchor in the deep Heaven cast.

The while, across the changeful sea Feeling our way, we cling to Thee, Unchanging Lord! and Thou dost mark For each his station in Thine ark.

Still overhead the faving Sign Streams, and we know that we are Thine: What course foe'er our vessel take, The Signal of our King we make.

It hallows air and wave,—and, lo!
The Heavens a glorious answer show;
High and more high, through Southern skies
We see the unmoving Cross arise.

The Crofs on board—what need we more?
The Crofs to welcome us afhore:
What need we more, if hearts be true?
Our voyage fafe, our port in view.

"If hearts be true"—but, O dear Lord! Which of us all may fay the word? Thy Spirit breathe this day, or we Shall lofe, ere night, ourfelves and Thee.

VESPER HYMN,

FOR EMIGRANTS AT SEA.

By the Rev. J. KEBLE, M.A.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

ISA. xliii. 2.

The twilight hour is fweet at home,
When founds from brook or woodland come,
Or old familiar bells, that bring
The memories grave of many a Spring.

At fuch foft times the genial air
Is fragrant with unbidden prayer,
And fouls devout their longings pour
To Christmas hearth or Whitsun bower.

And now upon the twilight fea How may we choose but kneel to Thee, While airs of Thine own breathing steal O'er the hot calm, worn hearts to heal?

Now fails are moift with unfeen dews, Aërial lines of all bright hues Lie on the level West afar, And here and there one filent star.

O Lord, our Peace! and may we dare, With voices marr'd by fin and care, To break the stillness, and upraise The song of our unworthy praise? Yea, as of old Thy Saints at eve A bleffing did of Thee receive, When o'er the waves they took their way, Thou to the mountain, Lord, to pray;

So may we trust that our frail bark, Bearing aloft Thine awful Mark, Ere she began her ocean race, Had portion in that Word of Grace.

For why? Thine everlasting Creed Is ours, to say in hour of need; We wast the Name from coast to coast, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ours, too, Thy Prayer, according well With Ocean's many-voiced fwell, Which close to every ear begins, Its way beyond all hearing wins.

The furging prow, the flashing wake, Music at hand unwearying make; Waves upon waves repeat the fong, And through unbounded space prolong.

We fay the Prayer our Saviour taught, As household words with homely thought; But Angels bear it on and on, In all its meaning, to the Throne.

The frailest bark that ploughs the main, The simplest child, may raise the strain; Heaven, earth, air, seas, will hear the call, "Our Father!" harmonizing all. But, oh! that to Thy Prayer and Creed Thine high Commands we join'd, indeed, Written in heart, on hand engraven,— Three Seals in one of Grace and Heaven!

All we have been, forgive, O Lord; Keep Thou to-night our watch and ward: Safe may we flumber on the Sea, Thou at the helm, our hearts with Thee.

DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.

By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

A RE Death's dark emblems fuited for the grave
Of him who dwells in Heaven's unclouded light?
For fouls array'd in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackeft palls and plumes funereal wave?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reverfed whose flame is quench'd in night,
And columns shatter'd, our compassion crave
For those whom Christ by death did fully save,—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the Fountain of supreme delight?
Rear high the shaft, new life thereon engrave!
Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright!
A richer hue and scent the lily gives,—
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives!

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

By the Rev. C. I. BLACK, M.A.

A^N earnest Suitor for one final boon,
Alone He knelt upon the dewy fod;
'Twas midnight; and the cold round Paschal Moon
Shone coldly down upon the weeping God.
He said, "If it be possible, I pray
Take, O My Father, take this cup away."

A little fpace apart unheeding flept
His friends, and heard not that thrice-utter'd Prayer;
The riotous City's festal noises swept
Loud and tumultuous through the illumined air;
And the complaining wind with murmur low
Rustled the olive-branches to and fro.

But there was intent filence up in Heaven—
An inexpressive, unexampled calm;
Pale grew the glory of the burning Seven;
Hush'd was each harp; unutter'd was the psalm:
Then first her heavenly station Sorrow won,
When listening Angels heard—"Thy will be done."

Then from the midst of that assounded throng
Rose one in haste, obedient to his Lord;
Swift through the night, on pinions swift and strong,
Earthward he sped unto the suffering Word,
With power to quell the force of human fears,
And check the exuberant Fount of those ensanguined tears.

Not for those heedless friends—His nation's hate;
Or dubious Pilate, bending to the storm;
Or the contempt of His insulted state;
Or the keen shame of His unclothed form;
'Tis not for these the drops of suffering start,
And deathly anguish settles on His heart.

That temper'd feeling, that prophetic eye,
Long had they been familiar made with woe;
The torturing Crown, the Crofs uplifted high,
And fhaking under each convulfive throe;
The hiding of God's face; the gloom obfcure
When He must render up his Spirit pure.

But ere the fuccour came, another flood
In filent conflict with Emmanuel there;
The ancient Foe, in fond perfuafive mood,
The dim, difcrown'd Archangel of Defpair,
Lifting Him to the pinnacles of pain,
Thence flow'd Him His love-toil bestow'd in vain.

Ages of hatred; millions who should take
His Holy Name in vain, or count it vile;
Or murder in defence of it, and make
His very Cross a shelter for their guile!
Was it a mocking dream that He had dream'd
Of hope for Man, if happier unredeem'd?

Therefore it was that thus He knelt and pray'd;
Nor yet for these alone His tears were shed;
How on His own His forrows would be laid,
And Love to Grief on Earth be ever wed;
And Joy and Hope through time for ever be
Flowers sown and water'd in Gethsemane.

And who of Christ's, but oft must sit alone,
Sadness at hand, and for the Future sear;
While that particular burden of his own
Deepens each sigh, and starts the sitful tear—
Death, and like changes, and the sallen estate
Of splendid hopes o'erthrown and desolate?

Moments of awe-struck feeling, and forlorn,
When that which is within us feems to be
Too conscious of itself, too swiftly borne
Afar into its own Gethsemane:
There let the spirit sad and lonely pray
To drink the cup Christ did not pass away.

Then as that Garden knew not, he shall know
The quickening drops of God's mysterious pain;
And the death-cancelling Chalice shall o'erslow
With comfort, as the clouds of Spring with rain;
And the dear Lord of Sorrow shall be nigh
To calm the intemperate grief, and share each anxious sigh.

THE SEPULCHRE.

By Miss E. H. ROLLS,

Authoress of "First Fruits: Poems by E. II. R."

WITH weeping eyes the Magdalen departed
To feek her Saviour on the Easter morn:
The Refuge of the poor and broken-hearted
Had gone away, and left them all forlorn.

With faltering step the mourner passes by

The rippling fountains and the peaceful palms;

Her only hope, her only wish, to sigh

Her foul away in penitential psalms.

She feeks the Sepulchre, still fadly weeping;
But, lo! the grave is full of life and light:
Two Angels there a holy watch are keeping,
Array'd in garments of celestial white.

And as the gazes on the Tomb, the hears
A well-known word—a fweet, confoling voice
And, looking up and fmiling through her tears,
She turns to meet her Saviour and rejoice.

So we on Earth are often weak and fainting
With dreary memories and hidden fear;
And Expectation never wearies painting
The mournful things she fancies lurking near;

And all the pathway of our life feems shaded With solemn tints of gloominess and woe; And not a leaf appears but what is faded, And not a joy but what is soon to go:

'Tis then we feek the graves of the departed,—
Departed pleasures and departed friends;
But when on Earth we feem most broken-hearted,
Nearer to God our lonely prayer ascends.

Though knowing all the forrows of mankind,
Our daily crofs with hopefulnefs we bear;
When Christian mourners feek the grave, they find
Not only Angels, but a Saviour, there!

MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.*

By JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

I know that my Redeemer lives;
In this my faith is fast;
He lives, and who against Him strives
Is fure to fall at last.
He lives, the Mighty One, I know,
Whose arm can crush the strongest foe,
And Death himself has conquer'd.

Deep joy within my heart I nurse,
No fear disturbs my mind
Of him who can my slesh disperse
Like chass before the wind.
My bones and sinews he may have
To bury in his own dark grave,
But still he cannot harm me.

My Saviour lives; though dust may lie
Upon my mouldering head,
Yet will He call me, by-and-by,
To quit my earthy bed.
Then I shall waken at His touch,
And He will raise me from my couch;
My sleep will soon be over.

^{*} Born 1606, died 1676. One of the most celebrated writers of "fpiritual fongs" that ever lived; and compared, in this respect, with Martin Luther.

And I shall wear this very skin,
In which I now appear,—
Shall be the same without—within,
As you behold me here.
My parted limbs, with every vein,
Together shall He bind again,
All in their fitting order.

Of bone and flesh the frame is made,
Which now by man is worn;
And when within the grave he's laid,
'Twill be devour'd and torn
By hosts of hungry worms, and all
The hideous things that foully crawl:—
'Twill not be so for ever.

United shall we be once more,—
This frail, this mouldering frame,
Will God revive, will God restore,
Its nature still the same.
All that has been corruption's prey,
All that has perish'd by decay,
Again shall be united.

In this I shall not be deceived,

No!—firm my faith shall be
That Him, who has for ever lived,

I in my slesh shall see.
In this my very slesh that dies,
And deep in dust and ashes lies,

My God shall I see clearly.

Myfelf shall see Him in the flesh,
With all His radiance bright;
His presence will my foul refresh,
His face my heart delight.
Myfelf shall ever on Him gaze,
Myfelf shall ever found His praise—
Myfelf, and not another.

The tempters boldly I defy
Who feek my heart to quail;
The firong to fhake my faith may try,
But furely they fhall fail.
Prate on of terrors as you will,—
Of death, of graves, of coffins; ftill
I know my Saviour liveth.

OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION.

By the Rev. D. E. FORD,

Author of "Decapolis," "Damascus," &-c.

As Winter the Summer endears,

And the denfer the cloud on which it is drawn,

The brighter the rainbow appears;

So trials and forrows the Christian prepare

For the Rest that remaineth above;

In the World tribulation awaits him, but there

The smile of unchangeable Love.

GOOD FRIDAY.

By ARTHUR J. MUNBY, Esq. M.A.

Author of Various Poems, &c.

"Then faid Jesus, Father, forgive them."—LUKE, xxiii. 34.

Saviour, who died for us to-day, Sighing a tender prayer Of love and pardon from the Cross For those who nail'd Thee there;

Oh, by that wondrous death of Thine
May we be taught to live,—
Be taught how much of Heaven there is
In that one word, "Forgive!"

Keep, Lord, our fouls for ever young,For ever undefiled,Nor let the gifts of Manhood drownThe graces of the Child;

So, nurst through all our wintry days,
Through time, and grief, and ill,
Thy grafted Lily of the heart
Shall bloom within us still.

Amen! And leave, in this Thine hour,—
Leave with us, while we pray,
That deep, unutterable Peace
Which doth not pass away.

EASTER-DAY.

By the Rev. F. W. KITTERMASTER, M.A. Author of "The Mostem and the Hindoo," &c.

Come to the grave to mourn, and weep
Where Jefus calmly lies;
While lift'ning Silence, ftill and deep,
Bids holieft thoughts arife.
Tread foftly, for among the dead
With carelefs ftep 'twere wrong to tread;
Or vex with aught the home fo dread,
Where thoughtlefs laughter dies.

But, fee! the morning dawns, and fleals
Clofe on the track of night;
Earth's glitt'ring dew-veil'd face reveals,
And fkies of woven light,
As day awakes:—another week
Breaks with its cares, while fad we feek
The dead; but, lo! the living fpeak,
Clad in pure robes of white.

"Why feek the Living 'mong the dead?

The Saviour did not die

To make the difmal tomb His bed,

Where He for aye must lie.

Heard ye no shout? the far worlds ring,

Angels rejoice around their King,

While with triumphant shout they bring

Christ to His throne on high."

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!

Admit the King who reigns.

The Conqueror comes! befide Him waits
Sin, bound in captive chains;

And Death's dark form;—thefe deadly foes
Are powerlefs now: the Saviour rofe
And burft their band, and bore the throes
Of their acuteft pains.

This is our day, a Holy Feaft!—
With willing hearts obey.
Draw near with faith, nor let the leaft
In hope turn cold away.
Here by the Symbols of His love
The mind is drawn to things above,
And strength and grace imparted prove
We meet the Lord to-day.

This is our day! we will rejoice:
Sin reigns in us no more;
Grace triumphs—let us lift our voice,
The Saviour to adore!
He broke the cruel tyrant's fway,—
He took the sting from Death away;
Let us with truest love obey,
Till this short life is o'er.

And when through Death's dark gate we go
To happier worlds unknown,
Where we mysterious Love shall know,
And ruling Wisdom own,—
Divinely taught His praise to sing,
Spontaneous then our thoughts will spring
To Him, our God, Redeemer, King,
On His eternal Throne.

PRAISE WAITETH.

By Miss TOUGH,

Authoress of "The Offering: Poems."

I CANNOT praise Thee now, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee now;
For my heart is forely riven,
And a cloud is on my brow.
But praise is waiting for Thee
In the glorious future time,
Amid the bright revealings,
When Zion's hill we climb.

I cannot praife Thee here, Lord,
I cannot praife Thee here;
For in my foul is forrow,
And in mine eye a tear:
But praife is waiting for Thee,
When the chequer'd Past appears
In the funshine of the Future,
All fmiling through those tears.

I cannot praife Thee now, Lord,
I cannot praife Thee now,
Though beneath Thy fore chaffifings
I fain would meekly bow.
But praife is waiting for Thee
In the glorious future time,
When we read our hidden ftory,
And reach our fpirit's prime.

I cannot praife Thee here, Lord,
I cannot praife Thee here;
For my pathway lies through fhadows,
And my heart is lone and drear.
But praife is waiting for Thee,
When the pilgrimage is paft,
And at our Home in glory
We gather in at laft.

And I will praife Thee there, Lord,
When Zion's heights I gain;
But might I not be tuning
A prelude to the ftrain?
While praife is waiting for Thee,
Thou'lt bend a liftening ear
To its low and faint rehearfal,
In faltering accents here.

Then let me praise Thee now, Lord,
In the dark and cloudy day,
Though fad and fore disquieted
By reason of the way.
For the praise that's waiting for Thee,
Good cause shall yet appear,
And I'll wake the golden harp-strings,
Beneath the falling tear.



CHRISTIAN LOVE.

BY THE REV. A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.

Translator of the "Queen's Court Manuscript," and other Bohemian Poems.

Love hath descended from His throne on high,
And taken brotherhood with man below,
Suffering for ransom of His enemy,
To cleanse the sinful hands that wrought His woe.
What surer proof could best affection show
Than thus to suffer? And for us if He,
Shall we not for His sake some suffring know,
That we, as loved, may also loving be,
And for Love's sake by Love from sin and shame set free?

But Love doth not in contemplation dwell,
Lock'd in the bosom's innermost recess;
Which it doth still with sighs of longing swell,
But never passeth; which it may oppress
By brooding thoughts to utter hopelessness,
But never ease by action; forth it goes,
And doth itself to that high task address,
Whence only cometh solace to all woes,
And which alone the fount of endless gladness knows.

Love's task, it is the task of man below,
Fulfilment of the law of God above,
The only task which doth perfection know,
And which for its own sake doth merit love,

And upon Earth, as not of Earth, doth move:
O happy, happy, who Love's task fulfil,
Nor from affection's settled purpose rove,
But their true loving Lord do copy still,
And for Love's sake by Love do execute Love's will!

THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

By Miss E. H. ROLLS,

M^Y Saviour! weary pilgrims tell
Of valleys rich in glorious things;
I heed them not, if I may dwell
Beneath the Shadow of Thy Wings.

I hear them praise each joyful bird,
That swiftly flies and sweetly sings;
But lovelier music I have heard
Beneath the Shadow of Thy Wings!

The mountaineer may proudly tell
Of crystal founts and pearly springs;
But I have found a living well
Beneath the Shadow of Thy Wings.

On defert-fand or ocean-foam
My faith to Thee for ever clings;
I have an everlasting home
Beneath the Shadow of Thy Wings.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

By W. R. NEALE, Esq.

"And when the Lord faw her, He had compassion on her, and faid unto her, Weep not."—LUKE, vii. 13.

FORTH from the city gate,
As evening shadows lengthen o'er the plain,
And the hush'd crowd in reverent silence wait,
Past out a funeral train.

Only one Mourner there,
Slowly, with feeble fleps, following the dead,
In the fad travail of the foul's defpair
Bow'd down her ftricken head.

For him fhe wept forlorn,
Of care the folace, and of age the flay,
Whofe filver chord was broken ere the morn
Had brighten'd into day.

Thus hath it ever been,—
Time the destroyer sweeps relentless by,
When hopes are strong and leaves of promise green,
And manhood's heart beats high.

Who comes of stately mien,
As one with travel weary, seeking rest,—
Whose aspect gentle, and whose brow serene,
Speak of a mission blest?

'Tis He, with power to fave,
Who where defponding Grief his vigil kept,
Knowing all human fufferings, at the grave
Of Lazarus wept.

Thus fpake He,—"Weep no more!
Be still, sad heart! Be dry, ye moisten'd eyes!
Thus to the living I the dead restore:
Sleeper, awake, arise!"

Then at His bidding came
To those cold lips the warm, returning breath;
Then did He kindle life's extinguish'd flame,
Victor o'er Sin and Death.

And thus He ever ftands,—
Friend of the fallen, wiping all tears away,
Wherever Sorrow lifts her fuppliant hands,
And Faith remains to pray.

Where'er the wretched flee,
From the rude conflict of this World distrest,
Confoling words He whispers,—"Come to Me,
And I will give you rest!"

Till at the fecond birth,

He bids the woes and wrongs of ages ceafe,
And brings to an emancipated Earth,

Judgment, and truth, and peace;

And gathers all His own
From the four winds to that eternal shore,
Where Mercy sits upon the great white throne,
And Death shall be no more.

THE ONE FAMILY.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

By the Rev. F. MINDEN KNOLLIS, D.D.

Author of "Wreath for the Altar," &c.

"Who hast ordained and constituted the fervices of Angels and men in a wonderful order."—COLLECT.

"The whole family in heaven and earth."—EPH. iii. 15.

THERE is no *night* in Heaven:
In that bleft World above
Work never can bring wearinefs,
For work itfelf is love.

There is no *night* in Heaven: Yet nightly round each bed Of every Christian slumberer, Faith hears an Angel tread.

There is no grief in Heaven:
There all is "perfect day;"
There tears are 'mid those "former things"
Which all "have past away."

There is no *grief* in Heaven:
Yet Angels from on high
Glide down on golden pinions,
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no want in Heaven:

The Lamb of God fupplies

Life's Tree of twelve-fold fruitage—

Life's Spring which never dries.

There is no want in Heaven:
Yet in a defert land
The fainting Prophet was fustain'd,
E'en by an Angel's hand.

There is no fin in Heaven, Amid that bleffed throng: All-holy is their fpotless robe, All-holy is their fong.

There is no fin in Heaven:

Here who from fin is free?

Yet Angels aid us in our strife

For Christ's own liberty.

There is no *death* in Heaven:
For they who gain that fhore
Have won their immortality,
And "they can die no more."

There is no *death* in Heaven:

But when the Christian dies,

(Made thus co-heir with Angels),

They wast him to the Skies.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PARKINSON, M.A.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we feek one to come."

Heb. xiii. 14.

R OSY-BRIGHT the Morning
Shed its early beams
Over dewy meadows,
Over filver ftreams;
And the Breezes whifper'd
Meffages of peace,
Through the woodlands crying,
"Joy fhall never ceafe;"
And the Birds made answer,
In their sweetest lay,
"Pipe to us, ye Breezes,
We'll rejoice to-day."

Hoarfely-fweet the torrents
Murmur'd from the hills;
Through the flowery valleys
Danced the laughing rills;
And with fights of beauty,
And with founds of mirth,
Spells of power were binding
All my hopes to Earth.
All things full of rapture,
All things order'd well,—
Here, I thought, for ever
It were good to dwell.

But the sky grew darker,
And with shriller tone
Through the woods the wild wind
Made a dismal moan;
Faded all the brightness
From the sparkling rills;
Fail'd the torrent-voices
From the storm-trod hills;
And the birds, that lately
Such sweet music made,
Trembled sad and silent
In the deepest shade.

Then, amid the tempest Came a still fmall Voice, Saying, "Lo! an emblem Of thy foolish choice. Life is not all funshine; Should the morn be fair, Noon may bring its tempest Black with woe or care. This is not thy dwelling; Let whatever come, Thou art but a pilgrim; Make not here thy home. Life has joys to try thee,— False-fair lures to prove Whether thou art worthy Of a Father's love. Life has florms to warn thee,— That this barren fand Is but thy rough passage To a better Land.

Forward, Christian pilgrim, Fix not here thy tent; Look not back in envy, Doubt, or discontent: Forward, Christian runner, To the mark press on, Till of thy high calling Thou the prize hast won: Forward, Christian foldier, Firm to do or die; Let no fear defraud thee Of thy victory. Here are pain and forrow, Here are grief and care; To that good Land haften, Only joy is there."

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

By the Rev. W. W. HOW, M.A.

Two things have shone with golden light Upon the way where we are sent,—
A rich man poor in his own sight,
And a poor man rich in his content.

But a nobler thing than even thefe,
And shining with a light more pure,
Is a poor man kneeling on his knees,
And thanking God that he is poor.

THE STRIFE OF THE CHURCH.

By the Rev. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D.

Bridgroom of Zion, and of faints the Lord,
Say, shall thy chosen servants strive for ever?
Goodwill and Peace to men—is this a sword
Thy children's yearning hearts with grief to sever?
Pour out Thy Spirit, and Thy kingdom show,
Where reconciled they dwell who strove below.

Thine own Apostles they, and brothers twain,
Whom Jewry and the Gentiles parted here;
Thy foldiers fworn, and conquerors of fin,
Twin olive-trees, whose leaves are never fere;
Twin lamps, whose radiant light can never die;
Twin stars, whose diverse glory blends on high.

But on the Earth Thy Spirit came in part,
Their Faith fcarce ripen'd into Charity:
Each knew his own, but not his brother's heart;
And as they ran, they strove for mastery.
Learn, O my foul, how both their work abides,
And trust no discord now their life divides.

We each in twilight fee our little part;
God of our parts can make harmonious whole:
One drinks of fprings born deep in lonely heart,
And thou, where choral rivers blending roll;

He fpeaks of faith, by inward prayer, divine, And thou of grace through church and heavenly fign.

So Bunyan darkling trod his pilgrim path,
While Laud for wifdom fearch'd primæval shore;
So Milton wreak'd on shrines his giant wrath,
Where Taylor's equal genius stoop'd t' adore;
So Baxter left, for chains, the rite unsaid,
Where Hammond's soul found peace and Heavenly Bread.

Where was Thy Spirit, Lord, in that fad hour,
When all Thy pictured shrines were rent and torn,
And tempest wrack'd the nation: poet's bower,
And pastor's Home of Prayer, alike forlorn?
Where was Thy love, when Zeal gave red right hand
To Wrath and Crime, and raven'd o'er the land?

Hast thou not balm, O thou all-healing Time,
In all thy store, to heal that ancient wound?
Saith not thy storied page, how Truth sublime,
Half loosed by each, by each in turn was bound?
God of all sless, shall ne'er Thy children learn
That which Thine eyes through every change discern?

Ah! flow our hearts to learn, while, erring still,
Each strives for part, and both the whole disclaim
Champion of Eld! full well on Zion's hill
Thou seest, not built of man, our City's frame;
Yet his, though blamed, is deeper truth, who knows
By what indwelling Life the Temple rose.

How near those two, by worldlings deem'd "extreme"— How near those two, asunder far, agree! Both know our Life of Faith no idle dream;
Both on the Rock would build, not fandy fea;
Alien to both, cold fneer, and wealthy frown,
And on the might of both the World looks down.

Go back, ye howling waters, which the ftorm,
Raifed by the Prince of air, has lash'd between;
And ye more perilous, in smoother form
Of moderate art, with grace of rippling sheen;
Waves of that Sea of Death, which ne'er for weal
The Angel stirs, to wake the powers which heal.

But Thou, O quickening Spirit, not of man,
By Thee fince Peter watched the infant Fold,
Thy breath in Paul's o'erpowering accents ran,
Thy touch makes pure the young, and warm the old—
Spirit of comfort Thou, and chastening fear,

Purge Thou our glance to gaze where strife is o'er;
Teach us, how Faith is less than Charity:
Thy kingdom come, where Error is no more,
Nor Death, nor Mourning, nor Captivity;
But on the Earth, Lord, grant us at Thy shrine
War with the World, but peace with Thee and Thine

Teach us, how those afar, in Thee, are near.



DIFFERENT PATHS.

By HAMILTON AIDÉ, Esq.

I LATELY talk'd with one who strove
To show that all my faith is dim,
That his alone the road to Heaven;
And thus it was I answer'd him:—

"The staff I hold strike not away,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different wise, to one sure end.

"What though, with eagle-glance upfixt On heights beyond our mortal ken, You tread the broad fure stones of Faith More firmly than do weaker men;

"Snatch not away the glimmering light The father holds, the fon rejects, Nor thrust your candle in their eyes, And blind them—into narrow sects,

"To each according to his strength:

But as we leave the plains below,

Let us carve out a wider stair,

A broader pathway through the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest We stand at last together, freed From mists that gather round the base, And clouds that but obscure our creed, "We shall perceive that though our steps Have wander'd wide apart, dear friend, No pathway can be wholly wrong That leads unto one perfect end."

WORSHIP.

By WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

Author of "Thought and Reverie," and other Poems.

What need of words in prayer or praife,
Or tinkling rhyme or rounded phrafe,—
Why lift the hat, or bend the knee;
Since God the inner heart can fee,
The thought can as the language read,
And in the purpose fee the deed?

A feeming truth; and yet beware, Only the half-truth may be there: The man is not of Soul alone, But Soul and Body knit in one; And will the Maker look for lefs Than the *whole* being's earnestness?

THE CRY OF THE POOR.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"Because of the deep sighing of the Poor, I will up, faith the Lord."
Ps. xii. 5, 6.

A wall hath gone over the Earth,
Sad, hollow, and difmally drear;
Like the Storm in the hour of its birth,
Or the wind at the fall of the year.
It hath fwept past the hovel and hut,
And Dives hath fasten'd his door;
But it howls where his portals are shut—
'Tis the cry of the famishing poor!

The child in the arms of its nurse
Shall start as it swells on the air;
For that found is the found of a curse,
And that voice is the voice of despair!
Lo! laughter and revelry's shout,
And warmth, and indulgence, and sin:
There is death and starvation without—
There is music and dancing within.

But thy deathbed, O Dives! draws near:

Thus levell'd with commoner men,

The cry thou refuseft to hear,

Shall found terribly loud to thee then;

The whispers of doctors and friends,

Yea, sobs from the loving and loved,

Shall be lost, as that echo ascends

Which once found thee hard and unmoved

In vain from all parts of the Globe
Shall thy couch with rich comforts be fpread;
Thy heart, 'neath its miniver'd robe,
Shall freeze with a pitiful dread.
The pendulum, heavy and dull,
As it fwings to and fro in the gloom,
Shall flart thee, when opiates would lull,
As if ftriking the knell of thy doom.

Then—naked returning to God
(Who fent thee, frail perishing worm,
To creep awhile over this clod,
The task of thy life to perform),
The Earth thy remains shall enfold,
And thy corpse in a bed be inurn'd
As narrow, as dark, and as cold
As the grave of the wretch thou hast spurn'd.

But thy foul "cannot flumber in dust;"
Thee its shuddering wings must upbear
To the Throne of the Holy and Just,
For a fiat of hope or despair.
There stand, O thou spirit of woe,
And answer to Father and Son,
For the good which thou sailedst to do,
As well as the ill thou hast done.

Repeat (what on Earth would not ceafe)
All the fophistries hollow and vain,
Why thy lot should be plenty and peace,
And thy fellow's privation and pain.

Mock God with fome blasphemous text,
Pointing out with a Scriptural hand,
How in this World, if not in the next,
"The poor cannot cease from the land."

Make that which was written to urge
A brotherly pity of heart,

Seem meant as a fentence and fcourge
To fet life's conditions apart;

Prove, prove that thy conduct was right,
When the famishing clamour'd for bread,
While the huge waxen torches shone bright
On the meats at thy festivals spread;

Prove, prove that thy heart was not cold,
But that fear to encourage the base
Was the motive that bade thee withhold
The alms that were begg'd as a grace!
Ay! prove it,—while, throng after throng,
Good Angels re-echo the cry,
"How long wilt Thou suffer, how long?
O Lord of the Earth and the Sky!"

As the voice of the drowning is loft
In the strife of the winds and the waves,
Or the storm-beaten wanderer's crost
By the forest-trees crashing like staves;
So thou, in the hour of thy need,
Heaven's mercy shalt vainly implore;
Unrescued, unheard, shalt thou plead,—
Because of the Cry of the Poor!

THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.

From the French of VINET, on the Death of his Daughter.

BY THE REV. T. SALWEY, B.D.

Why dost Thou take from me,
O God of Charity,
The crown of joy from off my brow?
Or if my blest estate
Must have so short a date,
Then why that bliss didst thou bestow?
Speak, Saviour, for Thy works are great,
Whilst I am blind and flow.

My health, alas! is gone;
My heart is chill'd to ftone;
Each day takes fomewhat of delight:
My weary life complains,
Stripp'd by the wind and rains
Of leaves and fruit that made it bright;
My fky is dark, and nought remains
But lateness, cold, and night.

Beneath my roof's dark shade
Grew up a humble maid;
Love had its dwelling in her breast:
I saw with smiling eyes.
Her early dawn arise,
When my own Sun was in the West.
She's gone, and Thou alone canst check my sighs,
And say where's now her rest.

Why dost Thou take from me,
O God of Charity,
The crown of joy from off my brow?
Or if my blest estate
Must have so short a date,
Then why that bliss didst Thou bestow?

Then why that blifs didft Thou befow? Speak, Saviour, for Thy works are great, Whilft I am blind and flow.

Thy voice did fpeak the word,
And like a fharpen'd fword
Through all my heart did penetrate;
And now my foul can fay,
It knows the truths that lay
'Neath what did rigour feem, or hate:
It is, O God, Thy love's true way
New bleffings to create.

'Tis ever thus the fame;
No harveft ever came
But fuch as from the feed must grow;
Be it prosperity,
Or be it poverty,
They both from love alone can flow:
'Tis thus Thy justice quicken'd me
Who, under grace, was slow.

O God of my delight,
Direct my path aright
To Eden, or fome defert fcene;
For if I love, and call
Thee my chief good, no fall
Or lofs shall hurt, but all things fcreen;
E'en in the wilderness shall all
Be slowery, fresh, and green.

The only Saint complete,
Of faith the example meet,
Jefus, hath died the death foretold:
To die is to be born,
To rife to a new morn,

And garments new to take for old; With Jefus bleft, from evil torn,

Death gives me Christ to hold.

To vain philosophy,
And wisdom, which in Thee
No root possess, I wish to die;
Nay, e'en to everything
I would be dead, O King,
Which does Thy Majesty deny;
And through the life which Faith does bring

Escape my agony.

O Father, fpare me not
From any painful lot
To make me faithful, loving, true;
That, in Thy furnace tried,
I may be purified,
And as pure gold come forth to view;
And graven by Thine art abide,
In glory clothed anew.

Then Thou mayst take from me, O God of Charity,

The crown of joy from off my brow;

And that my bleft eftate

Should have fo fhort a date,

Why Thou didft give that blifs I know; The fecret of Thy works fo great

I fee, though blind and flow.

SORROW'S SOLACE.

By the Rev. W. J. BROCK, M.A.

Author of "Wayside Verses," and other Poems.

"For we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are."—HEB. iv. 15.

A ND dost thou weep in forrow, brother?
Think not thou hast a lonely lot;
The very pang now thine, another
Endured for thee, and murmur'd not.

To confecrate the Path of Sorrow,

He left the glory of the Skies;

And deign'd our fuffering flesh to borrow,

That He with grief might fympathize.

Dost mourn beneath the fierce temptation?
On Him the Tempter's shafts were cast.
Are thine the waves of tribulation?
Oft o'er His foul those waters past.

Each fuffering that enthorns thy pillow
Is felt within thy Saviour's heart;
His hand will hold thee o'er each billow,
For He hath felt thy every fmart.

He who stood by the fisters weeping,
Their brother raised, and dropt the tear,
Marks all thy tears with eye unsleeping,
When grief bends o'er the recent bier.

Though far removed from mortal vision,
His heart still beats with sympathy;
The sufferings of His earthly mission
Have left deep scars which plead for thee.

And oft 'mid pangs of fuffering grievous,
When faith grows weak and droops the foul,
He fends bright Angels to relieve us,
And check the whelming waves which roll.

In all thy fufferings think not, brother,
Thine is a lone, unfriended lot;
Look up, and feel there is Another,
In fympathy who ceafeth not.

SPEAK THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

By THE REV. W. P. BALFERN.

SPEAK kindly to the broken heart;
Wrath ne'er the will can bend,
And gentle words have ever proved
To Virtue's cause a friend.
The heavy rain that loudly falls,
Makes Nature droop her head;
The gentle dew bids her look up,
And smile as from the dead.
A skilful hand he needs must have
Who plays with broken chords;
He who would heal the stricken heart
Christ's love must rule his words.

THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

BY WILLIAM STIRLING, Esq. of Keir.

THE beauty of our land lies flain on wild Gilboa's fide, Our mighty ones are fallen in their valour and their pride:

Tell not in Gath nor Askelon that they are lying low, Lest fierce Philistia's mocking maids be joyous in our woe.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, be never more on you
The showers and promise of the Spring, nor Summer's
gentle dew!

For on your steeps the royal shield was vilely cast away, And dead among the countless slain the anointed monarch lay.

Foremost in fight the matchless bow of Jonathan was bent,

Foremost in fight the fiery fword of Saul destroying went; Like eagles swift, like lions strong, their lovely lives were one,

And now, unparted in the grave, they flumber, fire and fon.

Daughters of Ifrael, weep for them whose valiant hearts are cold,

Who gave you fearlet robes ye wear, and wreathed your locks with gold;

O Jonathan! full fore I weep for thee, fweet brother mine,

For passing woman's love to me was that dear love of thine!

How are the mighty fallen on high Gilboa's fide, In the thickest of the battle, in their glory and their pride!

How are the mighty fallen, on the red accurfed field, With bow and blade befide them laid, and broken spear and shield!

THE CHRISTIAN'S OLD AGE.

By the Rev. RICHARD COBBOLD, M.A.

Author of "Margaret Catchpole," &c.

Now age hath filver'd o'er my brow,
And all my friends are gone,
Let me with refignation bow—
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Though oft and oft my heart and mind Have wander'd here and there,

I fought for Thee, and now I find
My conftant hope in prayer.

Yes, prayer for all—for every one— Or friend or foe to me; Oh, let me harbour ill to none, But fix my heart on Thee!

Though old my years, I'm young in heart;
Hope has not fled away;
For, if my foul fhould now depart,
'Twill fee a happier day.

I do not murmur nor complain,
Patience has made me ftrong:
Thank God who eafes all my pain,
My God can do no wrong.

Yet hear me, Lord! Oh, hear my prayer,—
The prayer of cheerful age:
On Thee, my God, I cast my care,—
Thou dost all grief assuage.

Then keep me now as moments wane,
And time has almost sped:
Let none Thy Holy Name profane
Who hope to rife when dead.

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

A LEGEND.

By EDWIN W. SIMCOX, Esq.

Author of "Alzim, or the Way to Happiness," &c.

- THE dews of eve were falling fast o'er bright Judea's plain;
- The camel, calmly browfing then, forgot the noontide's pain;
- The winds of eve were whifpering foft the stately palms among,
- Which, waving high their feathery tops, unto the night-wind fung
- Day's fweet yet melancholy dirge. At this still hour of ease,
- To bathe his high and faintly brow in evening's cooler breeze,
- The Father of the Faithful fat before his tent's dark fold, And watch'd, with mild, delighted eye, the funfet's fading gold.
- Just then, an ancient toil-worn man, his faltering footsteps bent
- Towards Abraham's feat, and craved that night the fhelter of his tent.
- Right fwarthy was the ftranger's brow, mark'd with the furrows deep
- Of evil passions foster'd long, though now they seem'd to sleep;

Right evil was that stranger's eye—its envious look askance

Shone balefully, as if it threw a curse with every glance:—

But now fatigue has dimm'd its pride, and that fell wanderer lone

For aid his supplication pours, in lowly, humble tone.

Swift fprang the Patriarch from his place when that request he heard,

And fwift, with hospitable hand, the evening meal prepared:

The ministering damsels soon pour water for the feet,

And change of vefture gladly bring, for wayworn pilgrim meet.

Wash'd and array'd, he takes his place all welcome at the board;

But, ere they taste, good Abraham said, "Come, let us thanks afford

To Him who all these blessings fair to us hath freely given,

The Great Creator of the Earth, who dwelleth in the Heaven."

Sour fmiled the stranger, and he spake, "Servant of Fire am I—

I will not thank, nor bow before, thy viewless Deity!"

Wrath burn'd in holy Abraham's breast, and flush'd his honest cheek

With indignation, as he heard the bold blasphemer speak: To thrust that stranger from his tent, his strenuous hand was rear'd;

But ere it could descend, a calm yet awful Voice was heard—

The Patriarch trembled as it spoke, and thus that Voice did say:

"I've borne with this man threefcore years, and canst not thou a day?"

IN AFFLICTION.

By Miss ISA CRAIG.

O^H, fpare the rod!
Thy wrath remove,
And vifit me in love,
My Father-God!

Thou art all-wife! Erring I've been,
And Thou hast feen
Need to chastife.

But now I fay,
"Thy will be done!"
My will with Thine make one,
Father, I pray!

Yet, fpare the rod!
Thy wrath remove,
And vifit me in love,
My Father-God.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

By Mrs. PENNEFATHER.

"And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that foweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."—JOHN, iv. 36.

Rom the far-off fields of earthly toil,
A goodly host they come,
And founds of music are on the air,—
'Tis the Song of the Harvest-home.
The weariness and the weeping,
The darkness has all past by,
And a glorious Sun has risen,
The Sun of Eternity.

We've feen those faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—
Let us look at the labourers now!
We think of the life-long forrow,
And the wilderness-days of care;
We try to trace the teardrops,
But no furrows of grief are there.

There's a mystery of foul-chasten'd joy,
Lit up with funlight hues;
Like morning flowers, most beautiful
When wet with midnight dews.
There are depths of earnest meaning
In each true and trussful gaze,

Telling of wondrous leffons Learnt in their pilgrim-days.

And a confcious confidence of blifs,

That shall never again remove,—

All the faith and hope of journeying years

Gather'd up in that look of love.

The long waiting days are over,

They've received their wages now;

For they've gazed upon their Master,

And His Name is on their brow.

They've feen the fafely-garner'd sheaves,
And the fong has been passing sweet
Which welcomed the last incoming-one,
Laid down at the Saviour's feet.
Oh! well does His heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning plaintive music
Of Earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does he know each chequer'd tale,
As He looks on the joyous band,—
All the lights and shadows that crost their path
In the distant pilgrim-land;
The heart's unspoken anguish,
The bitter sighs and tears,
The long, long hours of watching,
The changeful hopes and fears!

One had climb'd the rugged mountain-fide, 'Twas a bleak and wintry day,
The tempest had scattered his precious feed,
And he wept as he turn'd away.

But a stranger-hand had water'd
That feed on a distant shore,
And the labourers now are meeting
Who had never met before.

And one, he had toil'd amid burning fands,
When the fcorching Sun was high;
He had grafp'd the plough with a fever'd hand,
And then laid him down to die:
But another, and yet another,
Had fill'd that deferted field,
Nor vainly the feed they fcatter'd
Where a brother's care had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,

Broad-casting o'er the land;

Some water'd the scarcely budding blade,

With a tender, gentle hand.

There's one—her young life was blighted

By the withering touch of woe;

Her days were sad and weary,

And she never went forth to sow:

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain
The servent, pleading prayer;
She looks on many a radiant brow,
And reads the answers there!
Yes! sowers and reapers are meeting;
A rejoicing host they come!
Will you join that echoing chorus?—
'Tis the Song of the Harvest-home!

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

By the Rev. J. D. HULL, B.A.

Author of "The Rural Parsonage," and other Poems.

O^H, what a bleffedness sublime,
True life to realize:
To walk, amid the things of Time,
In commerce with the Skies!

To inhale, in this domain of Death,

The atmosphere of Heaven;

Like those who dive the Sea beneath,

Fresh air each moment given:

To know our debts to justice paid By a Redeemer's blood; And thus, were Earth in ruins laid, We should be fafe in God!

To live with the Almighty join'd, Pavilion'd in His light; And recognize th' Eternal Mind In all that's rare and bright.

The World can nothing equal flow,—All parallel it bars:

A being with his feet below

A being with his feet below, His head above the stars!

Befide the illustrious state of him,
Thus stamp'd with the Divine,
All human dignities grow dim,—
Yea, sceptres cease to shine.

When gloom the minds of others shrouds,
His, in a clime serene,
Towers above the rolling clouds,
That wrap the lower scene.

Or, should dark shades around him close, He hails the day anon, Like lostier Alps, the last to lose, The first to catch, the Sun.

On a Protector, strong to keep, Securely he relies; While o'er Affliction's stormy deep Fair lands, celestial, rife.

To Christ, as to the central Light,
Lifted by faith, his foul
Around her fees—entrancing fight!—
Truth's mighty fystem roll!

Then Nature, in th' enlivening hue Religion on it throws,
Wears to his eye an afpect new,
And with expression glows.

Creation's beamy face, fo rich
In varied beauty, feems
A window finely flain'd, through which
The Maker's glory flreams.

Thus unto him the primal curfe
Is partially repeal'd;
A renovated Universe
Already half-reveal'd.

Ah! they who heaven-touch'd minds possess, Of mortals they alone The secret have of happiness, If under Heaven 'tis known.

THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

By J. A. LANGFORD, Esq.

Author of "The Lamp of Life," &c.

The burden of Tyre: though over the waters,
In triumph and fplendour her argofies ride;
Though proud be her fons, and far prouder her daughters,
She shall fall, faith the Lord, she shall fall in her pride!

Her wealth and her glory shall nothing avail,

Her merchants and traders, though princes they be;
I will rase every fortress, and rend every sail

Of this Lord of the land, of this Queen of the sea.

Her palace and mart I will level to earth,

The strength of her arm I will wholly destroy;

Her daughters' wild weeping shall follow their mirth,

And the low wail of forrow succeed to their joy.

She is doom'd! The is doom'd! Where her children have fed Shall the wolf and the raven find shelter and food;
O'er her pride and her glory My wrath will I shed,
And her name shall be shrouded in darkness and blood.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. F. W. MANT, B.A.

Author of "Historical Ballads and Lays," and other Poems.

Joy to the New Year, health to the New Year!
May it be better than years that are gone!
Visions of gladness, and triumph, and sadness,
Float in dim shadows its surface upon.

Ring out the merry peals
Till the tall fleeple reels,
Whilft on his chariot wheels
Time preffes on.

And health to the New Year, and joy to the New Year!

May it be better than years that are gone!

Long to look forward on, fhort to look back upon, So flit the years of our lifetime along: Ever offending, repenting, contending,

Choosing the right, and yet following the wrong;

Flush'd with fresh energies, Sad for deficiencies; So, amidst smiles and sighs, Life passes on.

Then health to the New Year, joy to the New Year!

May it be better than years that are gone!

See how Time's finger, conftraining to linger,
Points to the fins of the year that is paft—
See how it beckons us backward, and reckons
Every dark blot on its history caft.

Yet not in fcorning Receive we the warning, Nor hopeleffly mourning Past frailties upon:

But pray for the New Year, and hope for the New Year, That it may be better than years that are gone.

What though denial, and forrow, and trial
Mix in the diftance, as night does with day—
Through the glad tiffue of morning shall iffue
Hope's glorious promise to brighten our way:

God's mercy o'er us, And Christ's blood shed for us, And Heaven's joys before us, Still urging us on.

Then may not the New Year, and shall not the New Year Be better, far better, than those that are gone?



FAITH THE LAMP TO THE PATH.

By Miss ISA CRAIG.

"There arifeth light in darknefs."-Ps. cxii. 4.

THERE was no funfet on the day
The mift fwept upward from the Sea,
And fhrouded all things drearily;
The Sun went down without a ray,
And the night mingled with the mift,
And there was darknefs ere we wift.

And as we went upon our way,
We could not fee each other's face;
The homeward path we could not trace,
Though ftraight before our feet it lay.
It feem'd—things grew fo ftrange and vaft—An unknown land through which we paft.

Yet still we step by step did fare; And though I could not see thy smile, Yet, looking down on me the while, Thy tender smile I knew was there; And in the light of home anon, Into my gladden'd heart it shone.

Even fo the mists of fear and doubt Come sweeping upward from the Sea Of fathomless Eternity, Blotting the waning Present out, And, mingling with the night of Death, Darken our vision with their breath. And from us fades the face of love,
And home-lights shine not through the gloom;
Around us giant-shadows loom,
And darkness falleth from above;
Yet step by step in Faith we fare,
The Light we see not still is there.

LIFE SONG.

By Mrs. POSTLETHWAITE.

When the full Heart, yearning,
To its loft ones turning,
Faints, yet nought difcerning,
In the mifts around,
Faith alone relieving
Stays the fpirit-grieving,
Faith her forrows leaving
For the Pearl refound.

Far apart from weeping,
Angel-guards are keeping,
For our loft ones fleeping,
Safe an Eden bleft.
There, where Joys are beaming,
Faith and Hope are gleaming—
There, where Love redeeming
Hath prepared reft.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

BY THE REV. W. TIDD MATSON.

"Thy mercy, O God, is from everlasting to everlasting, upon all them that fear Thy Name."

Though clouds be dark and tempests brood around,
Though fairest hopes betray, and dreams deceive,
The mercy of our God is ever fure;
Time cannot bound it, nor can earth confine,
Nor death destroy, nor the cold grave entomb;
But 'twill survive the severance of all ties,
When Time and Time's dominion are no more.

The thrones and palaces of earth decay,
The high-imagined works of genius fade,
The bright creations of the artift's thought—
The glory, and the grandeur, and the dream,
Must all be fwallow'd in the night of years.
The fweetest of affections here have end,
The tenderest links of love are rest in twain,
The loved is fever'd from the loving one,
And of the heart's emotions the warm tide
Is at the grave's mouth frozen.

Here, I know,

I am a pilgrim in a place of tombs, And all things round me have a voice to tell I do but move amid a fleeting show. Flowers wither, Nature's greenness fades; whate'er Of life or loveliness on earth I view Is passing swift away. I join the throng, I mingle with the busy tribes of men,—With them engage in the concerns of life, And hold communion with my kind; but they, Or loved, despised, or fear'd, from off the stage Are passing swift away. The solid Earth On which I tread,—the mountains and the meads,—The seas and streams,—the azure Firmament, With all its vast array of suns and spheres, Have each a death-like whispering voice that they Are passing swift away.

Passing away!

And I am passing, too. A little while,
And the big swelling waves of grief will lie
In this breast hush'd for ever. O'er my head
Long plumes of grass will flutter in the breeze,
While I shall rest unheeding in the grave.

But joy! amid this universal change,
One thing ne'er changes: 'midst the ebb and surge
Of Time's wild-rocking billows, like a light
It burns, and lamps a dying universe
As with the radiance of immortal day,
And whispers to my spirit, as I go
Down into the dull charnel, of the joy
And endless rapture of the bliss to be.
It is the loving-kindness of my God,—
O glorious pledge, feal'd with the Saviour's blood!
With His dear promise to affure my foul,

I will take heart upon my pilgrim way, Infcribing on the battle-flag of life, As the heraldic motto of my truft, "Thy mercy is for ever and for ever, O God! on all that fear Thy Name."

VICISSITUDE.

By the Rev. A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.

Tis but too oft we turn our joy to woe,
'Tis but too oft abuse each good doth mar;
'Tis well that man from change his state should know.
And dwell on Earth beneath a varying star.

'Tis not by joy alone, 'tis not by forrow,
That most are fitted for Eternity;
There are who know but One,—to whom to-morrow
Appears but as to-day unvaryingly.

But these are sew: more oft a changeful sate
Doth with rewards and punishments instruct,
As annual seasons fruits by varying state
Of weather to maturity conduct.

Lord, be it mine from evil good to draw,—
Good to more good unceasing to apply;
That, in the end, of change th' unchanging law
May ripen blifs, that by no change shall die!

HERE AND YONDER.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

BITS of forrow and of gladness, Strangely crost and interlaid; Shreds of cloud-belt and of rainbow. In alternate stripe and braid; Bits of storm when winds are warring; Bits of calm, when blafts are flaid; Bits of filence and of uproar, Bits of funlight and of shade; Bits of forest-smother'd hollow, Bits of open funny glade; Bits of garden and of moorland, Heath and rofe together laid; Serest leaf of brown October, April's earlieft, greenest blade;-These are the mingled feeds, Some flowers, fome idle weeds, Some crowded, fome alone, With which man's field is fown; And from which fprings the one Great harvest of a life, that can Be lived but once by man! With thefe the threads of hope and fear, Of ill and good, thou weavest here, O dweller in this fallen clime, Thy portion of the web of Time!

These are the stones with which, O man, Thou build'st, too oft without a plan, Life's lordly hall or lowly cot, The Babel or the Salem of thy lot.

Bits of day-fpring and of funfet, Of the midnight, of the noon; Snow and ice of pale December, Living flush of crimson June; Tinfel-patchwork, jewell'd fplendour, All the little and the great; True and false together mingled, Now the crooked, now the straight: Broken shafts of Tyrian columns, Roll'd and worn by wave and time; Miles of colonnade and grandeur, Luxor's still majestic prime; Now the garland, now the coffin; Now the wedding, now the tomb; Now the festal shout of thousands, Now the churchyard's lonely gloom; Now the fong amid the living, Now the chaunt above the dead; The fmooth cheek of infant beauty, Age's wan and furrow'd head; Days of fever and of fretting, Hours of kind and bleffed calm; Boughs of cedar and of cypress, Wreaths of olive and of palm; Noons of musing, nights of dreaming, Words of love and ways of strife; Tears of parting, fmiles of meeting; Paths of fmooth and rugged life;

Moods of finking, when the fpirit, Overstrain'd, is downward borne; Moods of foaring, when the spirit Springs elastic to the morn; Sands of Egypt, fields of Sharon, Rush of Jordan, sweep of Nile; Wells of Marah, shades of Elim, Sinai's frown and Carmel's fmile: Depths of valley, peaks of mountain, Stretch of verdure-loving plain, With the croffing and recroffing, And the croffing o'er again; Notes of music, jars of discord, Voice of trumpet and of lute; The thunder-shower's loud lashing, And the dew-fall foft and mute; All the doing and undoing, And the doing o'er again; All the fastening and the loofing Of the many-linked chain; Bits of brightening and of darkening, Bits of weariness and rest; All the hoping and despairing Of the full or hollow breaft: Bits of flumb'ring and of waking, Weary toffing to and fro; Bits of living and of dying, Being's daily ebb and flow;— With these is life begun and closed, Of these its strange mosaic is composed. Such are our annals upon Earth, Our tale from very hour of birth,

Each foul's time-hiftory;
Yet of fuch changes is made up
The changeless Mystery,
Now hidden from our view,
Of man's Eternity.

Eternity 1

Eternity!

The fum of Time's brief numbers here,
Thyfelf unnumber'd still;
The iffue of all mortal change, thyfelf
Unchanged, unchangeable;
The fruit of what we daily feel and see,
Thyfelf unfeen, invisible;
Form'd out of many hues,
Or dark or bright,
Thyfelf uncolour'd and unmix'd,
All dark or light.

O wondrous Day! God's day, not man's, as heretofore; Christ's day, not Satan's more; When Right shall all be might, And Might shall all be right; And Truth, for ages forely tried, By Error mock'd, reviled, defied, No longer on the lofing fide. Shall celebrate its victory, And wave its ancient palm on high; When good and ill, unmix'd, Flow on for ever. Each in its distant channel fix'd, An everlasting river; When grief and joy disjoin'd, The true and false untwined.

Each to its feparate place
At the ftern fentence gone,
Shall dwell alone,
Each on its far-off fhore,
And fee each other's face
No more!

O wondrous Day! When things that are shall pass away; Earth's skies take on their evening gloom, And the great Sunset come; When, with far-echoing fwell, Like monarch's funeral knell, The World's great vesper-bell (Deeper than that by far, Which, 'neath St. Saba's evening flar, Sounds over Sodom's fullen fea, From the grey peaks of Engedi, Or from red Sinai's fiery flope, Like wail of Earth's expiring hope, Swung out in wild, flow-pealing strain Acrofs Er-Rahah's fandy plain), Shall found o'er Earth, and tell That the great Judge has come, Long waiting at the door,— Come, too, the Day of Doom, So long for man in store.

HEAVENWARD.

By W. R. EVANS,

Author of "A Century of Fables in Verse," &c.

Behold from day to day within a room
The potted plants upon a window-fill,
And mark them turn as by a fleady will
Out fairly ever from the inner gloom,
Extending every floot and leaf and bloom
To greet the cheering light of Heaven; until
Perchance reverfed; then, lightward striving still,
A new position all the parts assume.
So should the human heart for ever yearn
To the unsetting Sun of truth and grace;
So should the mind for ever Godward turn,
And drink the light that beameth from His face;
So should the foul aspire, and ever spurn
The gloom of evil in this darksome place.





Urban the Monk.

BY

J. STANYAN BIGG, Esq.





THE RT. HON. THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON,

IN SINCERE ADMIRATION OF HER SYMPATHY AND

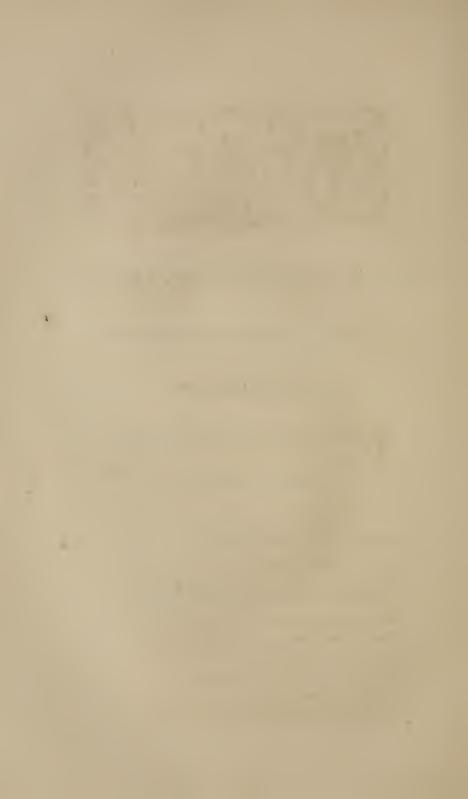
CHARITY, THE FLOW OF WHICH

DISTANCE NEITHER WEAKENS NOR CONTRACTS,

THIS POEM,

WITH KIND PERMISSION,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.





Urban the Monk.

THE LIBRARY.

oung Urban keeps the burnish'd keys Of the fcriptorium; and he fits Through funny noons in dreamful eafe, Reading or copying by fits; Or adding quaint and golden tints, Or plushy purples to the page Of Mass-book, or of Breviary, Of holy father, bard, or fage, Till all the full-lored vellums fwim In crimfons and in purples dim, And common words in foft array Prance down the page, like palfreys gay Trapp'd all in gold to bear away The faëry form of princess prim:— And whether round the abbey blow The foft South-winds, with overflow

Of balm and honey, or the fnow
Lies white upon the ground below,
And tempefts round the belfry go,
'Tis all the fame to him!
All through the fultry fummer noon,
When lilies over wallflowers fwoon,
And, in the honey'd heart of June,
The bee on rofes feeds,—
He pores, amid the fhadieft nooks,
Over the gold-illumined books,
With earnest face and eager looks,
Believing all he reads.

Legends of faints fill up the gloom
Of winter nights and drizzling days;
He fees them fwim along his room,
And then wind upward in a bloom
Of rofy wings, with rich perfume,
Wrapp'd in a trembling haze
Of cloudy fplendour, bulging low.
Billows of fire as white as fnow
Roll with pale crimfons down below
Their fandall'd feet; with motion flow,
And round about their bare heads go
Haloes like funfet rays!

Of holy martyrs, too, he reads,—
Of blefs'd Blandina, Appian,
Quinta the pure, and Ulpian,
Metra, and blamelefs Adrian,—
Until his young heart pants and bleeds
For those who for the true Faith died;

How fome were torn by wild beafts, fome
Flung into boiling pitch, and fome,
Tormented in the murderous hum
Of Rome, were crucified;
How mangled Porphyry dauntlefs flood,
With flay'd ribs flowly dripping blood,
Daring the tyrant's ire;
How Polycarp, with garments riven,
Went with a holy flout to Heaven
On trembling wings of fire!

Mingled with thefe were legends old
Of wondrous knights and ladies gay:—
The Cid, Sir Roland, Triftram bold,
Stream'd in rich trappings, jingling gold,
Over the crimfon funfet wold,
Adown the finking day;
And ladies, with a filken fwim,
Flutter'd along the moffy brim
Of meres, by deep woods hufh'd and dim,
On to the bright tournay.

But chief he loved the mystic story
Of faintly knights, with faces pale,
Who spurned the Earth, and earthly glory,
And went in quest of Holy-Grail:
He follow'd them on by land and slood,—
Sir Parzival, brave and holy knight,
And bold Sir Galahad, the good;
He heard them clanging through the night
Over the pavements still and white,

Their studded bridles jingling light,
Flashing amid the fost moonlight;
And saw them skim along the wood,
Up alleys of moonbeams trembling-pale,
Past church and city and lordly tower,
And abbey and hall and lady's bower,
All in the hush of the midnight hour,
In quest of Holy-Grail!

Titurel's temple o'er him rose, Blushing with gems and gorgeous glows Of golden domes and twinkling spires; Rofes of rubies, and pale fires Of cluster'd diamonds, shook about The wondrous fabric, in and out; And in the central Sanctuary, On a thick flab of porphyry, Wrapp'd in white famite flood the Grail, Out-shimmering like a cloudy Moon,— And o'er it fwell'd a mimic noon Of topaz and of jasper bright, Hung in the fapphire ceiling light; Outfide, the dome bulged up red gold, With blue enamel fretted o'er; And banners, with unruffled fold, Hung filken out at every door; And round about the Holy-Grail Rose two-and-seventy chapels, pale With pearl and diamonds,—every two Shot up a tower into the blue Like fudden flame; and over those

Shook cryftal croffes in the light,
Clutch'd from above, within the claws
Of gold fpread-eagles, day and night;
And o'er the central dome there rofe
A huge carbuncle with red glows
And fullen fplendour, like a fun
Lighting the cyprefs-forest dun,
That round about the temple stood,
Filling its shadowy heart with blood;
And none might tread that mystic height
Of hush'd Montsalvage, save the knight
Chosen of Him of Holy-Rood!

And fill he turns the gilded leaves,
And, rich in faith, the monk believes
Farther than logic e'er hath got;
His creed foars higher than his fight,
Reafon is not his only light,—
Still through the hot, bewilder'd night,
Angels go heavenward, clad in white,—
And fo he reads,—and doubteth not!

DOUBTING CASTLE.

A LAS the day! Alas the hour!

The fullen clouds, with downward roll

And heart of hidden thunders, lower

Over the brightness of his foul!

He fits in fadness in his room, Wrapp'd in the old Tartarean gloom, Murmuring in dire perplexity, "This is a fearful Mystery,— I cannot think how this may be!"

It is the holy Sabbath-day:
The Bible refts upon his knee;
He cannot read,—he cannot pray;
Although his lips the words may fay
With shuddering effort, yet the "Nay"
Is in his heart; and piteously
He murmurs low, "A Mystery,—
I cannot think how this may be!"

Ye confcious Heavens, help him now,
And take the cloud from off his brow,
And draw the fang from out his fmart:
Into the garden of his heart
The ftorm hath gone, with cruel cry,
And all is dead from fward to fky.

For he has read how unto Him

Who ruleth all things with a nod,

Time is as naught—how unto God

A thousand years are as a day,

Or as a night-watch, and he feels

His heart rock in the stormy "Nay!"

That will be heard both night and day,

Although he struggles hard to pray,

And cannot, though he kneels.

At church he feems a guilty thing; He hears the full-choir'd Anthems ring With roll and furge and golden fwing The banner'd aifles about;
But they have loft the air divine—
Seems all a blank and idiot-fign,
The bright foul shaken out!

Through the East window shines the Sun With mellow splendour, warm and dun,—
Through violet tints, and gorgeous streams
Of falling robes, and softest creams
Of rapt faints' haloes—flashing gleams
Of roses darkling, mingled beams
Rich as the silks of Trebizond.
He marks the funlight as it paints
That gorgeous cloud of holy saints,
Until his shuddering spirit saints;
For though he sees that heaven of saints,
There is no other Heaven beyond!

He hears the golden gust and rush
Of rich and mellow organ-thunder,
Now winding heavenward in a gush
Of swelling praise and holy wonder,
Now falling with a fost rebound,
Rolling deep basses round and round;
Till sluted notes again aspire
With upward slutterings higher and higher,
In lark-like dartings. From the choir
One note, rich-throbbing in desire,
Goes giddy in a whirl of fire
Up shuddering solitudes of sound;
And then returning
Earthward yearning,

Lo! the luted music falls Soft as water down the walls Of fparry grottoes under ground! Then like fword-blades glancing brightly, Plunge the fudden notes out lightly, Till the treble fwerves and skips, And the muffled thunder low, Rolling inward, heaves and dips Like a midnight fea-fwell—lo! Clarion bugles feem to blow, And all the loofen'd grandeurs go Rocking richly to and fro In a fumptuous overflow, And throbbing harmonies kifs like lips. Still amid the golden blare Rolling thunders through the air The banner'd aisles about. Like a curfe flung into prayer Hears he hiffing his wild doubt,— And he feels the holy chapel Holier were, were he without.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Out of the shadows and stifling room,
Out of the shadows and the gloom,
Into the cloister garden bright,
Into the summer air and light!

He wanders in the humming breeze, Amid the shadows of the trees, Himself a shadow, ill at ease.

When, lo! from out a neighbouring copfe,
With richest plumage sunny bright,
Making a wheel of colour'd light,
A little bird a-flutter drops
Down upon the pear-tree tops,
Hopping lightly,
Glancing brightly,
'Mid the twisted shadowy boughs,
Raining lightnings round his brows.

A glory and a wonder are
Its crefted colours to the fight;
It fhakes with mufic, as a ftar
Trembles with excefs of light.
Round about its throat affemble
Blufhes of the damafk rofe,
And a deepening violet goes
Sleeking down its back a-tremble;
Rich and hazy flutterings
Glow about its yellow wings,
Dancing golden in the light;
Like a crowd of finging funbeams
Gleams the little vifion bright.

Tame it feems, too, as a bird
Born amid the Tropics hush'd,
Where no flower is ever crush'd,
And no voice of man is heard—
Nothing but a gorgeous noon

And a foft and filken river And an endless, endless June Sinking down into a swoon, Or a low and bulging Moon, For ever and for ever.

Up among the twigs it ran,

Hopping, wheeling, full of graces,—
'Mid the apples, with the tan

Summering all their jocund faces;

When the monk, advancing near it,

Strove to touch it with his finger,

Scarcely feem'd the bird to fear it,

Only, with a fidelong linger,

Hopp'd it on a twig or two,

All its purples in a fhiver,

Shaking like a gloffy river,

In the ftorm of notes it blew.

All along the garden alleys,
Past the dial on the lawn,
Follow'd he the happy fallies
Of this creature of the dawn,—
Out, into the solitude
Of the summer-haunted wood.

Out, amid the stirless hush
Of the twilight shadows dun,
Glancing on from bush to bush,
Glowing like a burning blush,
Follow'd he with cheek a-flush,
This gleaming creature of the Sun:

On about three hundred paces
From the cloifter garden door,
Join'd he in the wheeling races,
Through the copfe and open fpaces—
Sudden fummer on their faces
As the branches backward bore,—
Just about three hundred paces
From the little Gothic door,
Just three hundred and no more.

When, behold! a flope of funbeams
Smote athwart the inner gloom,
Steeping all the fluttering plumage
In a ruddier golden bloom:
And the little bird went winging,
Showering mufic down like rain,
Up the flope of funbeams, finging,—
And he faw it not again!

THE RETURN.

Young Urban, musing still, return'd;
His pious soul within him yearn'd
As in the days of old to pray:
But still he clutch'd his misery:
"A thousand long-drawn years!" quoth he,
"I cannot, though I wish it, see

How centuries can roll away, Muffled in filent mystery, Just as a night-watch hush'd; or be, Even to God, but as a day."

Wonder of wonders! as he fpoke,
A vision on his fenses broke,—
A mighty abbey met his eyes,
Just like his own, but thrice its fize;
And where, not half an hour before,
The little cloister garden stood,
The garden with the Gothic door
That open'd out upon the wood,
A huge cathedral rose on high,
Three-steepled—every vaned spire
Flung up into the summer sky
Great shining spokes of stedsaft fire!

About the abbey all was hush'd,

Just as it was an hour before;

The corbels in the funlight slush'd,

The great East window glow'd and blush'd,—

He could not find the Gothic door;

And where the fun-dial erst was seen

Rose a new wing above the wood,

And where the Abbot's house had been

A grand resectory bulging stood;

And where the apples were, a slood

Of painted windows glimmer'd keen;—

And all the strange and mystic scene

Fill'd him with wonder where he stood.

All in amaze he sought the door,

And as he stretch'd his hand to knock,
Behold, a purfy facristan

(Whom he had never seen before),
Descending from the steeple-clock,
No sooner saw him, than he ran
Pale with affright—his starting eyes
Both wide a-goggle, twice their size.
He heard the noise of banging doors,
Sounding up long corridors,
"Deo gratias," quoth the porter,
As he drew the bolt aside:
"Bene"—but, ere it was utter'd,
On white lips the blessing died.

He fought the stately chapter-hall,

Where the brethren were assembled,
And he whisper'd—"Strangers all!—

What a change an hour may make!"
As he bent his figure tall,

Every limb among them trembled,

Every eye was seen to quake,

Every hand was seen to shake;
And he unfolded his brief tale

Unto listeners hush'd and pale!

But ere the narrative was told,

Through both his ears ftrange noifes rung,
He felt his limbs were growing cold,
He fhook with palfy like the old,
He faw his filver beard had roll'd
Down to his girdle fold on fold,—
The girdle where the keys were hung,—

And all the keys, though almost new, Look'd red with rust, and worn out too.

When, lo! from out the grated cafe, With tottering step and blanched face,

A monk a written parchment bore, Illumined all, and bright with gold And coftly crimfon; and it told

How, just three hundred years before, The young Monk Urban first was miss'd,

And never had been heard of more.

Deep filence was there as he read,

Silence, and wonder, and great dread;

Ouoth the Monk Urban, young no more,

Sighing deeply, "Oh, I fee, Forest bird that fung to me

In the wondrous days of yore,

Myftic ages roll'd away

As I watch'd thy happy play,

And the little Gothic door
Open'd on Eternity!
All my faith I owe to thee,
And, adoring God, I fee
How a thoufand years may be

Even as a fingle day!"

Then he bow'd his reverend head,—
All the fathers gathering near,
Hush'd their very breath to hear

Every word that might be faid:—
Quoth the Abbot fhortly, "Brethren,
Back to prayers—he is dead!"



Miscellaneous Poems.





THE HON. GEORGINA IRBY,

AS A GRATEFUL BUT INADEQUATE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

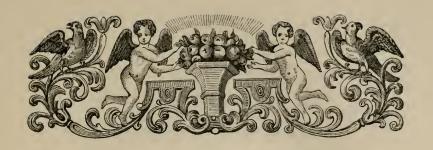
HER SYMPATHIZING KINDNESS TO AN AGED

AND IMPOVERISHED

WIDOW,

THESE POEMS ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.





Mifcellaneous Poems.

STARS.

BY HAMILTON AIDÉ, Esq.

Their little lights from our dark world away;
The many twinkling pleafures of the day
Fade into night, and leave us all unbleft;
But the great Planets burn unchanging there,
And the true Glories of our life we wear,
Like Jewels in our breaft.

Nothing can rob us of them; ours they are
When God hath faid, "Let there be light" within;
And while our earth-lamps fail us, and the din
Of this dark world grows distant in our ears,
We are led onward by our Jewel-star,
As shepherds once were guided from afar
To the low-cradled Promise of past years.

THE PRAYING MAIDEN.

By S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

She kneels befide her humble couch,
And there alone like marble feems;
Calm as a flatue in the night,
Whose bosom white as snow-flake beams!
She prays, her hands together prest,
In attitude of sweetest grace;
And brings to mind the glorious thought
Of Angel in an earthly place.

Her hands are white as lily-leaves,

Her arms of most exquisite mould;

Half-hidden by her auburn curls,

Like ivory funn'd with rays of gold!

Her voice is low, but with a tone,

That music's magic cannot aid;

Sweet as the murmur of a rill

Whose stream the blushing woodbines shade.

There's eloquence in every word,

The fimple charm allied to prayer;

As though fome chord from Heaven had reach'd

Her heart, and lightly trembled there!

A heart as tender as the flower,

That closes when the daylight dies;

And treasures beauty as a stream

The whiten'd cloud that o'er it lies!

She rifes gently from her prayer,
And reads fome poet's fimple rhymes;
And feels that Eden yet might bloom,
And hide the World's uncounted crimes.
So fair she looks, so fair she lives,
A picture of what Earth might be;
Then take the lesson, World, for I
Would have its moral learnt by thee!

LET HER STAY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. HINDS, D.D.

Let her flay—oh, those moments are sweeter Than all her young days yet have given; For he whose smile brightens to meet her, Shall meet her no more but in Heaven.

Let her still clasp that pale, wasted hand,
She once thought was with hers to be join'd:
By her side never bridegroom shall stand,
When to God she that hand has resign'd.

Let her ftay,—her heart's dream is not ended;
While it lasts let its visions be cherish'd;
And may hope with those visions be blended,
When all that is earthly has perish'd!

One dark, defolate, life-long to-morrow
Will begin when her last look is taken;
Let her watch by the dear couch of forrow,
Till love's smile his cold lips has forsaken.

LOVE: A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

SHALL I fet any bleffing this fide Heaven
Against thy love for me—the light that shows
All other joy, the light whereby it grows?
Yes, one boon richer than thy love is given—
The right to love thee! If thy strength of wing
Can bear me with thee on thy luminous track
Of duty, take me; but I would not cling
With an encumbering class to keep thee back.
'Tis dear to think thee of myself a part;
Dearer, though lost, to know thee what thou art:
And if, being such, thou vanish from mine eyes,
I, nursing thoughts of thee, will wait the day
When at my side a Shadowy Friend shall say,—
"Thou, too, hast pinions; follow him and rise!"

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

By E. F. G.

The Volume of Existence is a book, that men Can neither open at their will, nor close again: We read but once the passage that we most adore, Then of its own accord the fatal leaf turns o'er: We seek again the page before so fondly read, But 'neath our singer sind the page of Death instead.

PARTING.

By Mrs. W. SAWYER,

Authorefs of "The Quiet Hour," &-c.

A ND now farewell! If part indeed we must, I give into thy hands a facred trust;

A single, simple word comprises all,
It is "Thyself." Whatever shall befall
Of power, wealth, in all remember this:
Thou art alone thine own despair or bliss.
Fate is a fallacy: whate'er was meant,
Error was never the Divine intent.

Remember, though I am not by to fee,
Thou art responsible in thought to me.
I ask no vow: what Love cannot fulfil
By Love alone, by oaths it never will.
There is a dignity of conscience, known
Unto the pure and true of heart alone,
Which may be thine, all losses thus regain'd,—
So keep thine honour, as thy love, unstain'd.

Remember, that if false to Love and me, Still falser to thyself it is to be; False to thy reason, slave unto thy foe,—And that is Impulse. Sweeter far to know One danger past, than countless dangers dare; One joy escape, than perilous joys to share. Thy heart is peaceful now? Oh, keep that peace, A precious gain that time will but increase.

If from fome pleasures thou shalt be debarr'd, For thy fidelity I give reward:
What fealty a subject owes a King
Who is no tyrant, such my love will bring;
A love that is a weakness, yet is strong
To bear all trials that to Love belong;
Child-like in trust, yet powerful above
All mortal forces,—a true woman's love.

If for a time we part, or here Love ends,
Remember, on thyfelf alone depends.
Give me thy hand—'tis mine: no vows can bind
A closer tie than in our love we find.
If that dark Shadow, unseen now, should cross
Our separate paths, to me no greater loss
Should even that certain agony appal;
For loss of Love is death-in-life to all!

Farewell, beloved! With dry eyes we part;
A heavier grief than tears is at my heart,—
Something I fain would hide beneath control:
But do not speak,—no words can now console.
What! "If we should not meet?" Oh, yes! be sure
Love is not over-task'd; though we endure
This absence, dear one, we shall live to tell
Sweet memories of constancy. Farewell!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

By the Rev. R. B. EXTON, M.A.

HEAR'ST thou that strain of mingled melody?—
Too wildly sweet for Echo's mimic skill,
It floateth on the night-breeze light and free,
And, blent with murmurs of the bashful rill,
Mounts in rich undulations to the sky,
A welcome tribute to the raptured spheres on high.

The wondering stars in silence earthward peer,
Unconscious whence the liquid harmonies,
Thus calmly stealing on celestial ear
From 'neath their own pure dwelling-place, arise;
Yet pleased that forms of sublunary mould,
Congenial powers of kindred eloquence unfold.

For of their theme no ear attuned in Heaven,
Or on the teeming Earth, or in mid air,
If right attuned, but hath the power given
The foul-entrancing fympathy to share:—
From central shades to Thrones of Light above,
Through all Creation thrills the full warm pulse of Love.

Thus, hidden in his bower of eglantine,
Whereon the moonbeam weaves a filvery creft,
The enamour'd Minstrel from his leafy shrine
Breathes the pure incense of his passionate breast,

Watching the while beneath their verdant fcreen, The charmed flumbers of his young betrothed Queen.

To Earth his joyous homage, peal'd around,
Sings of her foft maternal bosom bared,
At whose life-giving springs his loved one found,
Among the myriads that her nurture shared,
The boon of being—while to her alone,
And high above the rest, Earth cedes the Floral throne.

Nor you, ye Zephyrs, doth fweet Philomel
Forget, as he inhales the odorous fighs,
Borne on your wing from that fecluded dell
Where fleeps the Queen of flowers in beauty's guife;
But grateful cheers your wanderings through the night,
And with his dulcet notes doth harmonize your flight.

And, for her fleepless care of that dear spot,

Trills his mild benisons towards Cynthia's car;

Nor scant of praise, as she remember'd not

(Borrowing awhile from each attendant star)

With Beauty's coronal of dew-wrought gems

To deck her morning smile—brightest of diadems!

But chief, Hyperion, to thine Orient beam,
Lighting the pure tints on his miftrefs' brow,
That flushes from its lair her tranquil dream,
Kindling her graces to intenser glow;
Chiefly to thee his lengthen'd ferenade,
By duteous adoration prompted, is fondly paid.

For then, upfpringing from their mosty beds, In cinctures clad of every vernal hue, And fcattering perfumes from their beauteous heads,
To greet their Sovereign with obeifance due,
He heard the bright-eyed children of the Spring,
On the fresh gale their whisper'd gratulations sling:

The while his well-beloved meekly bent
Her graceful brow amid th' admiring throng;
And ever and anon her glances fent
Upward to him, the Fount of that clear fong;
At each fond glance still quickening more and more
The tuneful spirit of her amorous Troubadour.

Thus through the glowing morn he pour'd his ftrains
Of rapturous blifs. The wingèd Hours, attent,
Wafted his mufic o'er the far-off plains,
Till, with all melodies of Nature blent,
The choral fwell, piercing the clouds above,
From earth to fky proclaim'd the empery of Love!

But ah! the lover's quick inftinctive dread,
As through mid-ether shot the noontide ray,
Saw on its fervid smile insidious sped
The harbinger of beauty's swift decay—
Saw Death's terrific frown in ambush lower
Impatient o'er the form of his now drooping Flower!

And thence in querulous and fitful mood
His broken plaints are heard defpondent; then
Flits he in fhades impervious, far to brood
In widow'd filence from the haunts of men.
O Love! thy dwelling is with all things fair;
Yet with the lovely and beloved Death is there!

TRUTHS AND FANCIES.

By the Authoress of "Poems by L."

TRUTHS are verities eternal,
Changelefs, that can never die:
Fancies are the idle dreamings
We relinquish with a figh.

Truths, according to our vifion,

Now or dark or light appear,—

They themselves the same remaining

Evermore from year to year.

Like the palace in the Northland— Like the phantom-ship at sea— Like the mirage in the defert, Oft our cherish'd fancies be;

Refembling the bafelefs fabric
Of the clouds that float in air,—
Strive to grafp them, and they vanish—
Vanish, mocking our despair!

Every heavenly Truth we garner In our hearts is golden ore, That as fwiftly Time advanceth Shineth ever more and more. And will shine until the glory
Rifeth of the perfect day,
When the shadows of the Earthland
Shall for ever pass away.

Oft celeftial Truths we banish—
Banish, while for them we yearn;
Truths that we at last through anguish
And experience must learn;

Learn dejected, broken-hearted,— Learn in forrow, learn in fadness; Learn, perchance, while no kind spirit Whispereth of peace and gladness.

But resplendent is the jewel
That the soul at last hath won,
When our warfare is accomplish'd,
When our pilgrimage is run;

Radiating bright effulgence
O'er life's pathway, erst fo drear,
Till for us commenceth furely
In that light "The Heavenly Year."



EVENING.

BY THE REV. E. D. JACKSON, B.C.L.

Author of "Lays of Ancient Palestine," and other Pcems.

The funbeams are dying
Along the pale fea,
The night-winds are fighing
Lone verpers to me;
The young dews are weeping
On Nature's fond breaft,
The tired world is fleeping,
And labour is bleft.

Woodland streamlets are moaning
Strange tales to the trees,
And the flowers are all owning
Their loves to the breeze;
Drowfy fongsters, repining,
Sing plaintive farewells
To the pale glow-worms shining
Along the green dells.

Now darknefs is reigning,
Now triumphs the gloom,—
Sweet Day, why complaining
Sink down to the tomb?
Refurrection awaiting,
Go, calmly recline;
Fresh empires creating,
To-morrow is thine!

The stars are all waking
To ravish the night,
The darkness is breaking
And slumber grows light;
Broken spirits are turning
Their wet eyes above,
Like weary doves yearning
For shelter and love.

My fad heart too, foaring,
Would climb the blue pole,
Yonder ether exploring,—
True Home of the foul!
Orbs of beauty! afcending,
My flight I'd purfue,
Till loft, fweetly blending
For ever with you!

EPITAPH ON NIOBE.

FROM THE GREEK OF AGATHIAS.

By EDGAR BOWRING, Esq.

WITHIN this tomb no corpfe was ever laid;
To hold this corpfe no tomb was ever made:
But tomb and corpfe in one are here difplay'd.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.

By Miss TOUGH,

Authoress of "The Offering: Poems."

Ever and ever it floateth on,—
That airy nothing, that phantom form!
Years upon years have come and gone,
With their hours of funshine and days of storm,
And still it floateth, that wandering gleam,
Like the shadowy brightness of a dream;
Like the flickering moonbeam on the river,
Luring me onward—ever! ever!

I know thou hast mock'd me many a time,
As I followed the track of thy painted wing,
Pointing away to some happier clime
Fresh with the bloom of immortal Spring.—
Nay, charge me not thus, 'tis thy eager haste
For Eden's fruits in this wilding waste,—
Stretching impatient hands too soon:
I could not give thee so poor a boon.

Thou fayest I mock thee with visions of light,

That from following footseps ever recede,—
With the gleam of waters, so cool and bright,

All vanish'd and dried in thine hour of need.
I lure thee on, for thou sain wouldst stay

To sport with the flowers that bloom on thy way:

"Arise! depart! this is not thy rest!"
Is the song I wast thee from Isles of the Blest.

I am not a creature of Earth at all;
In my robes of light I come from afar,—
I come at thy yearning fpirit's call,
To fhine on thy path like a guiding ftar.
I know thou art weary, and fick, and fad,
And I come from the Homes where all are glad,
To whifper that Earth has no Eden for thee,—
Then gird up thy garments, and ftill follow me!

GENIUS.

By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

In its deep effence, Genius means but worth;
For who would paint the various qualities
Of Man and Nature, trace their growth and birth,
Must make their being his by sympathies,
Whose root is love. Thus, Genius in the bad
Is still the reflex of a better life
There lingering, though with splendour shorn and sad.
Love draws the circle of imagination,
And in the heart's full day the wide Creation
Lies clear, in beauty garb'd, with meaning rife;
And as love's Sun declines, so Fancy's ken
Contracts, and the mean will doth only crave
Light for itself, forgets the world and men,
And on its dim path stumbles to the grave!

GOOD IN EVIL.

BY THE REV. GREVILLE J. CHESTER, M.A.

In thorny thickets blow the fweetest roses;
Lilies in damp woods droop their snow-white bells;
The yellow primrose 'neath the brier reposes;
The purest water springs from deepest wells.

From common clay are form'd the fairest vessels;
The diamond glitters in the darksome mine;
The golden wren in her snug dwelling nestles,
Slung from the branches of the gloomy pine.

The fcarlet feaweeds wave their trembling treffes
In the deep ocean caves by man unfeen;
And rocks, all black and bleak, the fea-fern dreffes
With fpiny tufts of gliftening evergreen.

And fo from out the gloom and fmoke of cities
Deeds of deep love and meek endurance shine;
In squalid lanes is found the heart that pities,
The foul that hungers after things Divine.

In feetid courts the fleadfast love of woman
Makes oftentimes the house of toil feem bright;
And princely hearts, which beat 'neath garments common,
In midst of wrong are ruled by Truth and Right.

Not men of high degree alone in flory,
In human hearts, and histories, are enshrined;
The poor and humble have their meed of glory,—
Some wreaths of laurel poor men's foreheads bind.

THREE SCENES.

By Mrs. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER (MARY C. F. MONCK).

I.

Dawn, on a golden river, the dawn of a bright Mayday,—

Bathed in the laughing funshine water and woodland lay: Birds in the green boughs caroll'd, wild bees fail'd humming by,

And cloudlets of filvery whiteness dappled the morning sky.

One on the bank lay dreaming, youth on his broad, fair brow,—

Life hath no fweeter visions than float o'er his fancy now;

Wealth on his path hath fcatter'd all that she hath to give,

Pleasure and Love aye murmur, "Sweet 'tis for us to live!"

Was there no voice to whifper, "Put not thy trust in them,

Frost-blight shall mar the blossoms wreathing their diadem,—

Theirs are no flowers immortal, fearless of all decay,—All they can give is earthly, passing with Earth away."

None!—but the World's gay welcome greeted its willing flave;

Fame shower'd triumphs on him, Beauty her guerdon gave;

Wildly the dizzy victim drain'd the fweet poison dry, Thoughtless that earth-born Gladness ever must fade and die.

II.

Grey fell the wintry twilight over a city street,
Sullied and dark the snow-drifts muffled men's hurrying
feet;

Cold was the cloudy Heaven, colder the frozen Earth, But colder the friendless being that crouch'd by a fireless hearth.

Hoarfely the wind came wailing, freighted with fleet and fnow,

Waking the old man's heavy heart to dreams of the long ago;

Feebly his thin voice mutter'd of scenes that had past away,

As conscience, awaken'd, pictured the deeds of a bygone day:—

"Faithless among the faithless, how was my talent placed? Goodly was once my portion, how hath it run to waste? Oh, for the deeds of mercy might have been mine to do!

Oh, for the fins and forrows that thick in my pathway grew!

"Proud in my day of triumph, Father, I turn'd from Thee! Many and fore were the stripes I bore, ere I bow'd the stubborn knee;

Darkness was dense around me, friends one by one had flown,

Ere I bent to the healing fountain that flows from Thine awful throne.

"Hopelefs, fave in Thy mercy, Father, to Thee I come! Long did my finful heart rebel,—long did my footsteps roam:

Yet wilt Thou heed the forrow breathed in the contrite figh,—

Yet will Thy loving-kindness hearken the sinner's cry."

III.

Drearily broke the morning over the filent town,
On many a homeless outcast the shimmering light look'd
down;

Into one difmal chamber it ftole with a mournful gleam,
And there lay the old man fleeping the flumber that
knows no dream.

Strange were the hands that bore him on to his long, last rest;

Careless they piled the frozen clay on the planks above his breast.

But He, in whose fight all creatures are worthy of equal care,

Hath welcomed the pauper's fpirit, borne up on the wings of prayer.

MUTABILITY.

By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, Esq. LL.D.

I SAIL'D on the midnight Ocean,
Beneath a fair fummer fky,
And, lull'd by the languid motion,
I thought how life flows by.
The Wind, with mournful greeting,
Still told its ancient tale:
"All earthly things are fleeting
As breath of fummer gale."

The Waves, as they murmuring bore me,
Still chanted the fame old flrain
They fang to the age before me:
"No earthly things remain."
The Ship, with heaving motion,
Proclaim'd again the tale,
Rock'd on the treacherous Ocean:
"All earthly things are frail."

The Stars, in their folemn glory,
That cluster'd the peaceful sky,
Still utter'd the fame grand story
To age on age gone by,—
That tale profound repeating,
In light ferene and pure:
"All earthly things are sleeting,
All heavenly things endure."

THE LAST DAY IN AN OLD HOME.

1840.

By the Author of "The Memorials of Hedley Vicars," &c.

A ND can it be, in this loved home For the last time I stand,
Where ten years since we had just come A glad, unbroken band,
To twine our love round every tree,
And sun the spot with our own glee?

And, oh! what tones and fimiles of mirth
Have rung and fparkled here,
When we have gather'd round one hearth
With all we held most dear!
What words of fondness have been breathed,
What parting blessings here bequeathed!

Shell-like, it keeps the murmuring found
Of Joy's far-ebbing fea,
And every haunt my ftep has found
Hath ftill its memory.
My own fweet Mother, 'tis of thee
Each fpot is eloquent to me.

I linger on the hallow'd ground,
Where once thy feet have been;
A fpell hath my fad fpirit bound
Where last thy fmile was feen!
And every flower and tree is fraught
With themes for grave and holy thought.

And I, while looking thus my last,
Pour out my heart in tears,
Where once in three dark days we past
A life of hopes and fears;
And kneel where last I knelt by thee
In those long hours of misery.

They tell me there are other ties
As tender and as true;
That life has still its sympathies,
As sweet and faithful too:
But well I know no love like thine
Can bless this yearning heart of mine.

And yet, for all its priceless worth,
We would not wish thee back,
To wander with us on this Earth,
And tread our weary track:
We know it was a Father's love
Which call'd our precious one above.

Thou art gone Home, to calmer rest
Than aught that here hath part;
A holier than a mother's breast,
A furer than her heart:
O may we share that Home with thee,
Beloved, through Eternity!

REGRET.

By the Rev. R. B. SLIPPER, M.A.

Author of "The Country Parish: A Poem."

A way with vain regret! Who can recall
The joyous Past, or bring back youth again?
Ah, no! though tears from every eye should fall,
And every tongue lament, 'twere all in vain.

Fair is the morn; forth from the Eastern skies
The rising Sun its boundless light imparts;
Moves on its glorious course amid the sighs,
The countless tears, of sad and bleeding hearts.

The noontide comes: fainting beneath the heat,
The heavy burden of the fultry ray,
They yearn for evening breezes cool and fweet,
And the long shadows of declining day.

Wouldst thou recall the morning, ere the night
Gave to the filent Earth its needful rest;
Call man again to labour by its light,
His powers by sleep unfoothed and unrefresh'd?

Would any blefs thee? Man and beaft united
With curfes deep thy hated name would load—
With frames o'er-worn and hearts with care benighted,
Deteft a gift fo deftitute of good.

So though to thee it might feem beautiful,

To hurl old Time upon a backward courfe,

And to renovate the hues of life grown dull,

With rainbow colours from their primal fource—

Yet if thou couldst not renovate the mind,
Nor quench that knowledge which the World affords—
Thy heart in youthful strength no charm could find,
Nor laughter light be thine, nor joyous words.

If this were done, 'twere but to live again;
To mourn again o'er blighted hopes for years;
To run the felf-fame race of grief and pain,
Now dark with doubt, now chequer'd o'er with fears.

Be wife and be content; the Past is gone, For ever gone: the present hour employ; So shalt thou backward look when life is done, Nor vain regret thy peace of mind destroy.

EPITAPH ON AN IDIOT GIRL.

By ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq.

If the innocent are favourites of Heaven,
And God but little asks where little's given,
Thy just Creator hath for thee in store
Eternal joys!—Can wifest men have more?

WE CANNOT STAY.

By JOHN EMMET, Esq.

We shall set to-night, to-morrow to rise
Upon other worlds and other eyes:
Gaze fondly and well on our glorious light,
For our filver lamps must go out to-night:
We cannot stay.

We are hurrying on from our mother hills,
Said the little Springs; we shall foon be gone:
Drink a long draught as we hurry on;
With the falling eve we shall join the river,
To-morrow be lost in the Sea for ever:

We cannot stay.

We cannot flay, faid my petted Flowers;
Gay tendrils next year fhall cover your door,
But we fhall have fled to bloom no more:
Go, gather fome leaves to keep for our fake,
For next year there fhall be no leaves to take;
We cannot flay.

I follow those stars, said a dying child;
And all my hopes, said I, follow those waves,
And they sleep like those slowers in perfumed graves;
And I heard them sing, as I saw them slee,
There's a brighter World for us, and for thee:
We cannot stay.

Changing friends of a changing world,
Keep heart!—we may love what we have loved best
In a changeless World, where all are blest;
Where only the forrows that make us mourn,
And only our sighs shall sigh in their turn;
We cannot stay.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT LAUSANNE.

BY THE VERY REV. W. F. HOOK, D.D.

A MID the vineyards of ferene Laufanne,
Serene I walk, or in her rofeate bowers
I while away the foftly gliding hours,
'Mid foothing fights and founds, and all that can
Becalm yet elevate the foul of man:
Yet there, where in the distance Nature cowers
Beneath the Avalanche, and the storm lowers
Upon a fea of ice,—e'en there I scan
The Alpine path I late with labour trod:
And thus the foul, in the calm eve of life,
Amazed at dangers it found grace to shun,
And soothed by the eternal peace of God,
Looks back upon a course of duty run,
Retired serenely from a world of strife.

OUR LITTLE CHILD.

By GERALD MASSEY.

With feeking hearts we fill grope on Where dropt our jewel in the dust:
The looking crowd have long since gone,
And still we feek, with lonely trust,
Our little Child with radiant eyes!

In all our heartach we are drawn
Unweeting to your little grave;
There, on the heavenly shores of dawn,
Breaks gentlier Sorrow's fobbing wave,
O little Child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening fod,
The fweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in ae gift to God:
We stand without the gate in tears!
O little Child with radiant eyes!

Heart-empty as the acorn-cup,

That only fills with wintry showers,

The breaking cloud but brimmeth up

With tears this pleading life of ours,

O little Child with radiant eyes!

We think of you, our Angel-kith,

Till life grows light with flarry leaven;

We never forget you, darling, with

The golden hair waving high in Heaven—

Our little Child with radiant eyes!

Your white wings grown, you will conquer Death;
You are coming through our dreams e'en now,
With two blue peeps of Heaven beneath
The arching glory of your brow,—
Our little Child with radiant eyes!

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
You fee us with looks of pitying balm—
A hint of Heaven, a touch more foft
Than kiffes. All the trouble is calm,
O little Child with radiant eyes!

Think of us wearied in the firife;
And when we fit by Sorrow's fireams,
Shake down upon our drooping life
The dew that brings immortal dreams,
O little Child with radiant eyes!

THE PEARLS OF TIME.

The flood of Time throws out upon the flrand.

Its many-colour'd flones, with fhells and fand
But genuine Pearls among them lie:

Mankind, upon the margin where they're thrown,
Like children picking up the pebbles, cry—

"Another flone, another precious flone!"
And pass the Pearls unheeded by.

SAINT OUEN.

By WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

Through the market-place of Rouen Past St. Ouen on a day;
Clamorous disease and squalor
Throng'd about him on his way.

On his heart, fo pure and fainted, Smote these horrors like a pain,— With a sickening sense of loathing Close he grasp'd his purple train:—

Grasp'd it close and hurried onward, Passing leper, cripple, on,— In his ears wild curses ringing, Like a Devil's benison.

Onward yet, till on a fudden
Started he,—as men will flart
Hearing the fmall voice of confcience
Speaking in the guilty heart.

Not the curfing, not the loathing
From his cheek the blood beguiled:
It was but the piteous wailing
Of a feeble, outcast child.

Hideous, filthy, red with fever,

He beheld it at his feet,—
"Pardon, Lord," he cried, "the horror
In this bofom all unmeet!

"As to me the foulest creature— So am I to Thee, the Pure— And as Thou with me endurest, Shall I not with these endure?

"Pardon! pardon!" In his bofom, Nestled close, the child he bore, Onward to the great Cathedral, Inward through the lowly door.

To Our Lady's fhrine he bore it (Seven tapers burning there),
Then before the loathfome burden
Falling, clafp'd his brow in prayer.

"Pardon, Jefu, my difdaining
Aught that Thou dost not difdain;
This my penance, for Thy fervice
This poor babe to rear and train."

Glow'd the father's wasted fingers Crimfon'd to his shaded fight; Starting, he beheld the chapel Radiant with a wondrous light;

Felt the air perfumed with incenfe, As from unfeen cenfers thrown; Saw a fmile celestial playing Round the Virgin's lips of stone;

Saw no child before the altar,
Saw above the tapers feven,
Where no longer child, but Seraph,
It went shining up to Heaven.

THE WIND'S MISSION.

By MARY SANDERSON EDMONDSTON.

I HAVE fwept over defert, city, and plain,—
Ye may track my step on the mighty main:
Yon noble ship, that in triumph bore
A thousand hearts to their native shore,
I met in my mad career of joy,
And shatter'd her as an infant's toy;
Bravely she toil'd, but I laugh'd in scorn,—
Her drowning wail on my blast is borne.

To the icy North, on my viewless wing,
I have carried tidings of early Spring;
In the funny land where the orange grows,
I have sipt the dewdrop from the rose;
They chain'd me awhile in a laughing bower,
Where I stole the scent from many a slower;
And I sang a lullaby soft and low,
As I rock'd a cradle to and fro,
Where an Indian mother had laid to rest
Her babe, like a bird, in its leasy nest;
I have prest my singer, hot and dry,
On the burning lids of a traveller's eye,
Who laid him down in the desert to die.

I have fann'd the dying maiden's cheek,—
How pure fhe feem'd, how faintly meek!
And I kift her forrowing lover's brow,
As I bore through her cafement his last fond vow.

I have hung over groves of fpices rare— In the jungle fwept o'er the tiger's lair; I have moan'd a dirge o'er the lowly bed Where the hope of a widow'd heart was laid; I have hurl'd the Avalanche from mountains steep, And I've slept in caves of Ocean deep.

I have wafted the found of a Sabbath-bell;
As it rofe from the depths of a fhady dell,
On an erring heart its fummons fell:
Then I bore on my pinions light to Heaven
The Anthem of praife from that foul forgiven.

PEACE AND WAR.

By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

Man is God's living Temple, and the hand
Is impious that, for conquest, gain, or hate,
The hallow'd walls of sless would desecrate
With bloody violence. For ever bann'd
Be they that joy in war! But since no sane
Exists but for a worship, and our Lord,
Being Lord of Justice, still is Lord of Hosts,
When 'neath the oppressor's yoke the lands complain,
Or thought and freedom sly the invaded coasts,—
Deem it religion then to bear the sword!
The fortress is a temple in that hour,
A priest the chief who sights for Right with Power.
Strike down even man for what makes man divine,
Nor disobey the God to save the shrine!

THE TWO DEATHS.

By PATRICK SCOTT, Esq.

Author of "Footpaths between Two Worlds," &-c.

Beneath an Indian Sun,
His young limbs bound and bent
To the rough plain, a foldier kneels,
And calmly looks on Earth, and feels
He has no Future there, content
With duty done.

Strong-arm'd in faith, he feems more like A conqueror than a captive. "Strike!" He cries, impatient, as the foe O'er his white neck fufpends the blow: "Live!" they exclaim,—"life, all we give; But, Christian, curfe thy God, and live!"

To them he deigns no words,
But turns his naked head where near
A fellow-captive stands in fear
Of the sharp heathen swords.
Older he was in years, but still
Lefs grown in spirit than the first,
With breast more sitted for the burst
Of battle, with the chance to kill,
Than thus before his hated foes
To stand, without the power to ward
The coward death descending down:
He felt the martyr's sate was hard,
Nor clear enough before him rose
The vision of its crown.

To him the younger Warrior cries,

"Turn from these murderers,—turn
To our good Heaven your eyes,

It sends these trials to discern

The traitor from the true;

Short is whate'er their rage can do.

By a false soe's fair words enticed,

Stoop not, ignobly safe, to live;

Nor barter the Eternal Christ

For aught that Time can give!"

Alas! though low in sight of men,

Red-gash'd the youthful hero lies;

When souls are summon'd to the Skies,

Death but ennobles then.

Once in a Christian land there lay,
Far from the bruit of battle-fray,
A stricken Noble. Wealth was spent,
And skill was task'd in vain, to cheer
That silent room, where Death had sent
To say that he was near:
Friends watch'd beside the sick man's bed,
While menials troop'd with noiseless tread,
And artful Luxury strove to steal
The sting from wounds it could not heal.

On coronet and purple vest—
The brazen ferpents of his rank—
He might have gazed to foothe his foul;
Or bound the star upon his breast
To still its heavings, as he drank
His drugs from golden bowl.

He could have look'd upon the Past,—
Upon an ancient line—his fires;
And on a life of vice—his own:
How placidly, if birth alone
Could make the present pageant last,
Or quench the Future and its fires!
But he look'd forward, and asraid
To meet the view, shriek'd out for aid,—
Yet not to Heaven, and not in prayer,
But struggling feebly with the air,
As if in the last mortal strife;
And these his last of mortal sounds,—
"Oh Hell! I'll give a thousand pounds
For one more hour of life!"

The rude grave for the rudely flain, Or marble tomb and funeral train; Do these, when bodies part from breath, Make up for fouls the whole of Death?

COMFORT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BUERGER.

When Slander's tongue is wounding thee,
Then let this thought thy comfort be:
The worst of apples are not they
Selected by the wasps for prey.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. HENRY BURGESS, LL.D., PH.D.

Toll the bell! old Time has just departed;
Ring the chimes; a New Year now advances.
We loved the dead, yet are not broken-hearted;
Young Time fucceeds, and joy is in his glances:
We'll twine a wreath of mingled light and gloom,
Bright flowers for life, dark cypress for the tomb.

Toll the bell! the Past seems made of fighs;
Ring the chimes; the Future may be gladness.
For days to come hope pleasures still supplies;
To dwell on vanish'd things, it were but madness;
We'll close the ear against that passing bell,
Which is of Time for ever gone the knell.

Toll the bell! 'tis memory hears its wailing;
Ring the chimes! 'tis hope their found enhances.
Alas! the Past will ever be prevailing,

The Future is to man a thing of chances. A folemn note the Past may fitly borrow; Will joyous peals so well befeem the morrow?

Toll the bell! with notes ferencly fad;
Ring the chimes! and make their mufic fweet:
The Future may be hail'd with feelings glad,
When o'er the Past we bend with reverence meet.
Thus hope and memory ever should combine,
And let the cypress with Spring slowers entwine.

Toll the bell! with utterance deep and clear;
Ring the chimes! each merry note defining.

A harmony proceeds to wifdom dear,
The melody of Earth and Heaven combining.

Then hail! ye founds of days of coming gladness,
Thus mellow'd, not o'erpower'd, by notes of fadness.

TO A THRUSH SINGING IN DECEMBER.

By the Rev. G. BRAITHWAITE, M.A.

To Winter thou art telling Spring-tide tales,
Dear Bird, that warblest in yon funny tree;
Thou wouldst withdraw me into budding vales,
With love attuning Nature's minstrelfy.

'Tis fweet—yet still forbear to antedate
The balmy breezes and the vernal skies;
Thy notes are all too gay—it is too late—
List, list those founds, the Old Year's latest sighs.

So have I feen in fome fequester'd nook,

The careless dear one, of some two years' span,
Conning the pictures of an infant's book,

And making all the merriment she can;

Unwitting of the tears that fleep meanwhile

The fading cheek flee dearly loves to kifs;

Unwitting that the mournful, cheerful fmile

To-morrow morning flee may wake and mifs.

THROUGH THE VEIL.

By A. J. MUNBY, Esq., M.A.

FAIR leaf, fo crifp and curl'd, and yet fo fair,
Whose veined purples shading into bronze
Make Autumn lovely—is it hard for once
To fall thus gently through the silent air
And die?

Fair bird, uprifing from the flartled brake
On wings that only bear thee into death—
Is it fuch pain, to leave thy haunt beneath
The hazels, and of wounds that man can make
To die?

Fair rofe, yet lingering where the topmost spray
Climbs through the trellis o'er the garden wall—
Is it such grief, to see thy petals fall
So fast, and having watch'd them fall away,
To die?

Thus while I fit and murmur, half in dreams,
Acrofs the valley like a parted foul
Shoots the white fleam of travel: though its goal
Be far, it dips into the Earth, and feems

To die:

"Ah, then!" I faid, "if Death be only this— Through the dark hills a channel fhort and wide That leads to funshine on the other fide— Then better than the best of life it is

To die."

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

By J. SMART LINWOOD, Esq.

Author of "The Dream of Freedom," and other Poems.

The ftrife is past; the life is spent;
The heat of fight is o'er;
I'll lay me down beside my bride
Who long since went before.
I'll lay me down beside the tomb
That hides her winsome form;
The calm grows sweet, I love no more
The turmoil of the storm.

The fpectres of long-buried hours
Throng round me thick and fast,
The might-have-been of life is lost
In the unreturning Past;
And I stand alone, amid the wrecks
Of hopes that once loom'd warm
Through dreams of tranquil joys, unvex'd
By dread of coming storm.

The beacon-light of Fame that shines
From Labour's lofty hill
Is ever within reach of toil,
And energy, and will;
But, oh! the heart that would aspire
Must love no earthly form,
Or bid a long farewell to calm,
And brave the bitter storm.

Ambition thirsts for human life,
And ever claims her prey:
And those who seek her arms must cast
All other love away.
She was my jealous paramour—
Her touch laid low the form
That else had nestled to my heart
In funshine or in storm.

And from that hour, a mournful man,
The fmile of Fame I woo'd;
A long and cheerlefs way I walk'd,
Yet not in folitude;
For ever by my fide there flood
A radiant Angel form,
That foothed my fpirit when I met
And fiercely braved the florm.

The goal is reach'd, and now I feel
How barren my defire;
We live for duty, and in vain
Seek Fame's confuming fire.
I'll lay me now befide the tomb
That hides my loft love's form:
Sweet calm comes down; farewell for aye
The turmoil of the florm.

TRIAL.

By ROBERT W. BUCHANAN, Esq.

Author of "Mary: and other Poems."

When folding up my Sorrow I have hidden it
Beyond the reach of eyes,
I think of that ftrange time when first, unbidden, it
Leapt from the memory in which it lies,
And breathed its strong soul on my destinies.

Acting my part upon the flage of this
Mortality, I think
That there is lefs of beautiful in blifs,
Than in fuch tearful peace as on the brink
Of trial we may fashion, link by link.

One touch of natural woe, and I collect
The awful calm that must
Lie even in despair, and stand erect;
So, sprinkling pious tears upon her dust,
I grasp my solemn agony, and trust.

The feeble calm that I have filch'd from pride,—
All unction I have dared
To flatter mifery with, are cast aside;
And by the phantom of my wrongs unscared,
I stand erect with brow and bosom bared.

THE LIVING CROSS.

A LEGEND.

By WILLIAM CYPLES, Esq.

Author of "Satan Resorted," and other Poems.

Tis but a gnarl'd old hawthorn buth,
Set in the rooflefs, windy leas;
Still, when its boughs make whifpering huth,
Whoever hears must bend his knees:
It feems to pray, as there it stands,
Nor ceases, whether fun or rain,
But holds aloft its thorny hands,
And trembles as in bleffed pain!
Patience, my heart, be still;
Calm thee, dear heart!
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Hush! why this start?

How it had chanced I cannot tell,

No more I know than what I faw,—
Yea, heard! for founds as of a bell
Came faintly in a windy flaw:
The birds upon it ne'er alight,
But often when the wind blows Weft,
They feem as taken with a fright,
And each one hurries to its neft.

Patience, my heart, be ftill;
Calm thee, brave heart!
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Huft! why this flart?

About its feet the grafs grows tall,
And lingers till it withers dead,
For diftant as its brown leaves fall,
The roaming oxen never tread;
But I have feen them oft at noon
Gaze at the bufh with fixed look,—
Sad, motionlefs, as in a fwoon,
While to and fro its branches fhook.
Patience, my heart, be ftill;
Calm thee, dear heart!
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Hufh! why this ftart?

Once and again, a boy or maid,
As homeward through the fields they hied,
Have with the folemn feeling play'd,
And push'd the whispering boughs aside!
Then, starting, on their knees they sunk,
Stiff, as the statue you may fix;
For, strange to tell, the gnarl'd old trunk
Had grown into a Crucifix!
Patience, my heart, be still;
Calm thee, brave heart;
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Hush! why this start?

Perfect it was, a living Cross,
And, on it, semblance of a form;—
True, as you gazed, you faw 'twas moss,
And traces of the winter storm.

Yet, still, you could not lose the fear,
It feem'd so fad, so wild, forlorn;
And, perhaps, a ring of flowering brier
Twined near the head, like Crown of thorn!
Patience, my heart, be still;
Calm thee, dear heart!
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Hush! why this start?

Once, I a winter pilgrim went
To gaze upon the wondrous tree,
And in the boughs, with fnow wide bent,
The fight more perfect yet did fee!
Around the head, and hands, and feet,
There hung—I worshipp'd as I stood—
The hawthorn berries, clean and sweet,
Glowing like falling drops of blood!
Patience, my heart, be still;
Calm thee, brave heart!
Weird fancies do not kill,—
Hush! why this start?



TO THE REDBREAST.

By F. TENNYSON, Esq.

The bird, that fliest from the starved wood,
The homeless misery scorning to complain,
That speaking eye is not to be withstood,
The patience pleads not to my heart in vain.
The wind is whirling and the snows descend;
Friend, come to me, and I will be thy friend.

Lone Bird,—although thou hast no songs of joy
To glad me when the nightingales are dumb,
No golden plumage to enchant mine eye,—
Thou comest to me when no others come.
'Tis hope that makes thee on my casement stand;
'Tis faith that bids thee fly unto my hand.

Thou lookest in my face with eyes of cheer,

That win me in affliction not to weep;
A voice in thy mute sympathy I hear,

"Hope is not dead, though Joy be fall'n asleep."
Ah! would to Heaven that in my days of ill

My winged heart, like thine, were fearless still!

It faith, "Though friends forfake thee, there is One!
Though penury cling unto thee, do not fear;
Though days be darkling, they must be outrun;
And thou and I will see another year."
Thou hast my heart, kind Bird; oh! give me thine,
That I may neither forrow nor repine!

It faith, "When glories from the World depart,
And youth is past, oh! linger not alone."

It faith, "When shadows thicken round thy heart.
Fly forth, and look on ills beyond thine own;
And Age shall not behold his thin grey hairs,
And Sorrow shall forget his daily cares."

It faith, "When days are burning to their end,
And the mind flutters, and the limbs are chill,
There is an inner thought that cannot bend
Before the dread reality of ill."
Nature's great foul is shadow'd forth in thee—
Life under ashes of Mortality.

THE CHILD-TEACHER.

By JAMES BALLANTINE, Esq.

That in the Summer-day

Sprang up fo tall and bloom'd fo fair,

On yonder graffy brae?

Beneath that fnowy coverlet

Are they all hush'd asleep:

Or are they dead, like brother James,

For whom fo oft you weep?"

"Those tall, bright flowers are dead, my Child;
They ne'er can bloom again;
Yet others may their place supply,
When Summer clothes the plain;
But James is dead, and none can e'er
To me his place supply;
So I must mourn his loss, until
I meet him in the Sky."

"Why should you pine and grieve, Mamma, And shed those tears in vain; Since he you loved hath gone to Heaven, Our loss to him is gain,
I fain would kifs away that tear—Fain in your heart replace
My brother James, until we meet
In God's good time and grace."

"Thanks, thanks, my Child; those words to me Seem to have come from Heaven,
And chide me for neglect of thee,—
Oh, may I be forgiven!
Nor murmur at His high decrees
Who gives and takes away,
But, grateful for His mercies pan,
Prize those He gives to-day."

BEAUTY IN DEATH.

By Mrs. W. SAWYER.

HER life had been tempestuous, but now She lay in fplendid filence, grandly calm. About her was a folemn hush,—an awe, Such as furrounds the meanest at the last. Not crowned head, nor fceptred hand, could reft More regally, more abfolutely great; She bore her honours with a placid pride.— A look magnificent, yet humble too. Not yet within the portals of the tomb The Mystery was master'd, one might know, By the enraptured brow, the happy fmile, The lip that might have told it, changed to stone. Oh, glorious fight! a lovely woman dead In the full fplendour of her loveliness! No fculptur'd flatue purer to the eye. And she was pure,—ay, do not doubt of it!— Her life a vindication of her fex From flavish usages; her actions great, Her purpose noble, yet the poison'd breath Of Slander blighted all her good intents, Difforting beauty to a branding curfe! So it was blifs to fee her lying there, Death's peaceful dignity upon her brow; Never to feel proud looks, nor hear harsh words, Never to prove deceit, or know again The pang of trufting love with treachery met.

The glory of her countenance was fuch Death feem'd a holier life, and to our eyes The marvel was, that she with mortals dwelt, And they could doubt of Immortality!

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT AGNES.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, Esq.

By Venus! had you only feen her,
Watch'd her brow and mark'd her cheek,
As they led her through the Forum,—
She fo gentle, dovelike, meek!
Silent, fhe won hearts by dozens:
Bacchus!—if fhe'd chofe to fpeak!

Head of Cæfar! fmiling went she,
Kissing the rude lictor's axe;
Had it been mere fcorch or branding,
I had gladly paid the tax:
But those cursed ropes and pulleys,
And those bloody straining racks!—

Breast of Juno! what a halo
Lit her brow as she knelt down;
Christians in the mob were crying,
"Lo! the Angels bring a crown."
All I know is, that a sunbeam
Seem'd to guide her through the town.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

By the late THOMAS RICKMAN, Esq.

THERE is an ancient River,
And it rusheth ever on,
Since from the mighty Giver
It learnt its course and song:
And still the song it singeth
Is a song of many a strain;
Bright joy to some it bringeth,
To some it bringeth pain:
On its deep waters sailing,
Pass by each Age and Clime,
Some laughing, some bewailing:
That River's name is Time.

And there is many a ftreamlet,
In many a quiet wood,
Still paffing on with flow and fong
To join that mighty Flood.
Bright are those ftreamlet waters,
And fair as fair may be;
But they pass away with small delay
Through that River to the sea;
And they have names full cherish'd,
Though swift they pass away,
Till all in time have perish'd:
Youth, Hope, and Joy, are they.

VISION ON THE EVE OF ALL SOULS. THE INFANTICIDE.

By Mrs. ACTON TINDAL.

"Never more,
Never more,"
Say the billows on the shore,
"Unto me,
Unto me,
Vever more eternally!—
Never more shalt thou be blest!
Weary one, whose shame is round thee,
Trembling one, whose shame is round thee,
Never more shalt thou have rest!"—
CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

RIFTED on the chill night air, Like the fea-weed on the Sea, Unconfined her amber hair, And her light vest floated free; Like the white dove by the blaft O'er the raging billows borne, Driven upward, downward cast, With her foft breast stain'd and torn, Buffeted and beaten back, Yet returning on her track:-So that poor foul through the night Wander'd over plain and height; As the Spirit-bands past by, Hailing them with anxious cry: "Have ye heard upon the wild, Wailing low, my little Child?

On the green stones by the river, In the rushes tall he sits, And he makes them nod and quiver;

'Mother!' calling loud by fits,
As he finites, with dimpled hand,
Slimy weed and blacken'd fand;
Near the ofiers on the bank,
Willow herb and mallow rank,
Pitying Spirits feek him there.
He is helplefs, he is fair,
And with me, alas! he died,
In the moonlit wintry tide!
Foundling! no one cared to blefs:

What hearth held a feat for thee? Who in fickness would carefs—

Give thee place in heart or knee? To a wayward, childish mood,

Gentle patience who would lend? Beggar for thy daily food,

Fatherless, without a friend!
So I took the life I gave thee,
From the ills of life to save thee.
Ah! 'twas moonlight on the river,
And I saw the waters shiver,

As the East wind o'er them swept; E'en my very heart felt cold 'Neath my garments' threadbare fold,

When I look'd on thee and wept: While the maze of streets that night Seem'd a lab'rinth starr'd with light; For the myriad lamps burnt bright,

And I heard afar the din
Of the life that flow'd within.
But who thought for me and thee,
Outcast in our misery,
Now, when like a wan white flower,
Stain'd and beaten by the shower,
Want and forrow from my face
Faded all the bloom and grace?
Pain and madness fill'd the Past,

Hope was o'er and love was flown;
To my heart I held thee fast;
In the waters deep and lone
Died our last faint, fobbing moan.
Child I would not leave behind me!
Since, I've vainly fought to find thee;
Though I felt thy fost, warm breath,

Though I felt thy foft, warm breath, In the coldness of my death; Thine! whom I had sense to clasp In that long, convulsive gasp. But we never more may meet;

For I know the Saints have ta'en thee— Borne thee to the Saviour's feet;

On the heart of Love they've lain thee. Spirits! not befide the river

Will ye find my little Child; He will no more moan and shiver,

When the wind blows keen and wild. Sorrow-driven, passion-tost, Only I am lost,—ah! lost."

WHO KNOWS THE HEART?

By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.

Who knows the Heart? Young lover, is it thou, Whifp'ring thy passion to each wandering star; Or watching some dim light with anxious brow, Some taper's beam that speaks of one afar? Time yet may show thee rocks on Passion's chart, And thou too soon mayst say, "Who knows the Heart?"

Who knows the Heart? Is't thou, dear friend and true, Generous as Summer, open as the day;
Who doubts not like return, nor fears, when due,
The debt of friendship, Friendship will repay?
Hope on, brave foul; yet thou, perchance, mayst start,
To find how little thou didst know the Heart!

Who knows the Heart? Thou, mother, folding foft
That infant cheek upon thy loving breaft,
Whose future life is in thy prayer so oft,
Whose smallest sickness robs thee of thy rest?
Can it e'er be that thou shalt see depart
This love so dear,—and sigh, "Who knows the Heart?"

Who knows the Heart? Who liveth, but hath fpoken Words fuch as thefe, when left to weep alone;
To think, with aching mind and fpirit broken,
How falfe the idols we had call'd our own!
Town, village, city, camp, and bufy mart,
Repeat thefe hopelefs words,—"Who knows the Heart!"

And hear, O men, if ye would have God bless
Your days with peace, or future bliss decree,
Never forget a mother's first cares,
Nor slight one hand that hath befriended ye!
So shall ye find, as year by year departs,
God is your friend—a Friend that knows all Hearts!

QUEEN GUINIVERE.

By MISS MARY SEYTON.

I WEAR a crown of gems upon my brow,
Bright gems drop down upon my yellow hair,
And none can tell, beneath their grandeur, how
My brain is rack'd with care;

How wicked love my loft foul is enchaining:
As finful men are chain'd to torture's wheel,
So I, the prifoner of my griefs remaining,
My own dark doom do feal.

There is a figure that I should not fashion,

Whose form I shape from every changing shade;

The shadow of my wild and wicked passion,

I meet in grove and glade.

There is a voice, whose music, ever changing,
I hear in every murmur of the sea,
In every wind o'er moor and mountain ranging,
In every rustling tree.

There is a face, I fee in mournful fplendour,
In each star-jewel of the crown of night,
Whose lineaments all Nature's beauties render,
In shadow and in light.

There is a dream that I should perish dreaming,
A dream that haunts me still by night and day;
But yet so subtle am I in fair seeming,
None dare my same gainsay.

And thus I murmur, O my Launcelot!

First of all warriors breathing Heaven's breath;
I pray to die, that thou mayst be forgot—

If we forget in death.

O my loft foul! O my loved Launcelot!

My broken faith! Those deep and dreaming eyes,
I cannot hide me where thou comest not,

To shut me from the Skies.

O weary Earth without my Launcelot!
O dreary life bereft of end or aim!
Save to feek out fome folitary fpot
Wherein to hide my fhame.

O fatal paffion that abforbs my life!
O dreadful madness that confumes my foul?
A Queen! ay, worse, O misery, a wise!
God give me felf-control.

God give me strength to bear and silence keep;
Angels, once women, pity woman's pain,
And hush me to that slumber calm and deep,
From which none wake again!

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

By J. W. KING,

Author of "Ernest the Pilgrim: a Poem," &c.

A sound came over the booming Deep,
The heaving Deep,
Where the dark waves leap;
It came with a wildering, wailful glee,
Which told of a giant agony,
Made strong men start, made stout hearts weep.

A cry came up from the defolate shore,

The storm-rent shore,

'Mid the breakers' roar;

A risted bark, with a shuddering crash,

Whirl'd down, deep down, in the lightning's slash,

To rise no more, to rise no more!

To the wreck-strewn beach flew a womanly form,
A shrinking form,
With a bosom warm;
Wrung her pale hands, and clutch'd her hair,
Shriek'd through the dark in a wild despair,

By the ghostly Moon they search'd for men,
For drowning men,
In the Storm-siend's den;
Their shouts rang out o'er the tempest hoarse,
As they snatch'd from the surf a cold, cold corse,
Then search'd again, and search'd again.

And plunged in the florm, the pitiless florm.

Morn fwept the Deep:—The death-howl fled,
The wild waves fled,
The fierce winds fped;
Cast on the strand all bleak and bare,
A gentle form, so young and fair,
Lay dead and cold, lay cold and dead.

Seeking her love poor Mary died,
So lonely died
By the fevering tide:—
'Mid the bittern's fhriek and the tempeft's roar,
A weird wail haunts the defolate fhore:
"The Sailor's Bride!—the Sailor's Bride!"

TO MY LITTLE LOUISA.

WHO LIES IN ST. GILES'S CHURCHYARD, CAMBERWELL.

By EDWIN F. ROBERTS, Esq.

Author of "Athanase: a Dramatic Poem," &c.

O^{H!} my darling little Louie, thou art lying very still. In thy wintry grave fo warmly, in the bosom of the hill;

Pale is the pretty mouth, and closed, I loved so oft to kiss, And still that tongue whose prattle was to me unspeaking bliss.

Still are the tiny feet I oft heard pattering up the stairs, When in thy frolic moments thou wouldst catch me unawares;

And still the merry laughter, that was music, whose deep glee

Stirr'd up an echo in my heart, divine as minstrelfy.

For thy tiny voice was mufic, but, ah me! 'tis now at rest—Still, oh! fo still, my Louie, that its echo in my breast,

But to think upon and love so well yet makes my sad

But to think upon and love fo well, yet makes my fad eyes gliften;

The voice which once lifp'd forth those prayers, the Angels love to liften.

And still the limbs that gamboll'd in the garden o'er the grafs—

And oft in thought I fee thee, when the well-known fpot I pass;

I hear thy voice, I know each tone, I fee thee skip and play;

But, 'tis only memory, darling,—thou art very far away!

Thou'rt still as death, my Louie! thou'rt lying 'mong the dead,

And I fometimes would be with thee, and lay there my aching head;

For thy fweet brown eyes they haunt me: would to kifs thee it were given!

But the great wings of Our Father "fold thee in His radiant Heaven!"

Cold thy once warm lips, my darling; they are rofy now no longer;

Never more, love, shall I kiss them, with a love that grew the stronger,

- As they cried "Papa!" in accents that oft made my heartstrings thrill—
- They are cold now, my fweet Louie, as a frozen winterrill.
- And those dimpled hands are folded, palm to palm, upon thy chest—
- How I figh and yearn to fee thee, in my moments of unrest!
- Like an Angel's was thy coming; like an Angel's, short thy stay,
- Leaving us to live and mifs thee—thou wert on thy flarward way.
- Now and then thy loving mother turns thy baby-clothes all o'er;
- Cherish'd treasures, prized memorials, unforgotten evermore.
- And I fee her in a tremble, her lips quiv'ring, her hands prest,
- As though again she held the loved one so often nestling in her breast.
- God hath taken thee, and bleft thee; thou art happy now, my love—
- Thou art dwelling with the Seraphs and the Hierarchs above.
- Though we both have often figh'd, dear, for the lofs which is thy gain,
- May God be good, and grant that we meet our Louie once again.

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

BY THE REV. T. DAVIS, M.A.

Author of "Devotional Verse for a Month," Sec.

THE Woodman lifts his axe on high, And strikes the giant Oak; While Echo, as she watcheth nigh, Laughs at the puny stroke.

The lifted axe defcends again;
Again, in rocky cell,
The merry maiden laughs, and then
Flies laughing through the dell.

And still, as every blow descends,
Her joyous note is heard,
And sweetly with the warbling blends
Of streamlet and of bird.

Ah! wherefore laughs the maiden fo? She deems the Woodman's stroke Is idle as an infant's blow Against the giant Oak.

For that old Oak hath borne the florm
Through many changeful years,
And flill his venerable form
In fleadfast might uprears.

He feemeth, too, with fullen pride
To bear the Woodman's blow;
And as his arms, outstretching wide,
Could crush the feeble foe.

But wider, deeper, grows the wound The strokes resounding make; And white it gleams the trunk around, And the light branches shake.

Then on one gaping fide alone,
The certain axe defcends;
Until the Woodman, weary grown,
His pitilefs work fufpends.

Awhile he stands and fetches breath, And wipes his dewy brow; And Echo, too, is still as death; She seems appalled now.

The little birds have hush'd their fong Around the folemn scene; And, hidden the green brakes among, Do marvel much, I ween.

All, all is ftill! the breeze that figh'd But now hath paft away,
Or in the old trees funk and died,
Where once it loved to play.

Then bent upon his ruthlefs work,
An upward gazing eye
The Woodman turns, wherein doth lurk
The pride of victory.

He looks that he may judge aright, Where next the blows should be, That from his arm of gathering might Shall fell the doomed tree.

'Tis done: the fwift strokes fall again
Deep in the wound around:
The leaf-crown'd Monarch leans—and then
Falls crashing to the ground.

Ah! dread the found, and fad the fight!
And yet, crush'd, broken tree,
One thought shall cheer: no child of night
Shall make a God from thee.

No; go to ferve far nobler use:
While dies thy hidden root,
In human hearts for Heaven produce
Earth's fairest living fruit.

Teach man to blefs the Love that yields Earth, fea, and azure dome; And thee through life to adorn his fields; Then build, grace, cheer his home.



AN APRICOT TREES EXPERIENCE.

DY THE REV. W. PARKINSON, M.A.

"Tongues in trees."—As you Like it.

The nights were damp, the winds were cold, And mists and vapours gather'd round, The Sun in narrower orbit roll'd, The fall'n leaves rotted on the ground;

And through my veins, now fhrunk and dry, A paralyzing numbness crept, That in a long, long lethargy Prison'd my fenses, and I slept.

What past in that long interval,
What frost or storm the air perplext,
I know not; nor can I recall
My dreams, if dreams my slumber vext;

Until a foft, delicious fenfe Over my fluggish nature stole, Of warmth and rapture too intense For sleep to stifle or control;

And life as from a hidden fpring
Gush'd forth, and emulously fill'd
Each little channel, minist'ring
To the sweet want that in it thrill'd;

Till, overflowing with excefs
Of its exuberant delight,
Out of its dull unconfcioufnefs
It burft and bloffom'd into light.

I faw the glory of the skies,

I faw the bees their toil renew.

And now it was a bird's blithe lay,
And now an infect flitting by,
And now the calm of closing day,
And now the South wind's balmy figh,

That blotted out the dreary Past,
And, lest the Future should appal,
A veil over the Future cast,
And made the Present all in all.

Ah! treach'rous warmth! Ah! falfe, foft breath!
That woo'd the Earth with wanton wing,
And fow'd my tender boughs with death:
Unreal mockery of Spring!

For from the biting East a blast Suddenly, like an icy hand,
Over my glowing blossom past,
And changed my golden hope to fand.

But when, in grief's first bitterness,
I curst th' inconstancy of Spring,
Out of the depths of my distress
This Voice seem'd in my ear to ring:

"The fault is all thine own, if pride,
Too forward grown, has had a fall.
There is a hope which will abide:
Temptation is the lot of all.

"Let not a few false gleams of light
Lure thee to think thy day is come,
Lest in a profitless delight
Thou lose the promise of thy bloom.

"Be still, and in the throbbing vein Bid the loud feverish pulse be mute: Time's present loss is suture gain, The slower's delay its persect fruit."

THE BIRKENHEAD.

BY THE REV. E. D. JACKSON, B.C.L.

Author of "Lays of Ancient Palesline," &c.

"There was a Regiment on board when the Veffel went down: the men folded their arms, and funk in the waters, as calmly as Heroes going to a Feast after a great victory."—Narrative of the Lofs of the "Birkenhead Transport-Ship."

WEEP for the true and brave,
Under the dark, dark waters lying!
Over them rolls the flormy wave,
And the flartled fea-birds fhrill are crying;
The boafful tempefts howl with angry breath,
And the hoarfe thunder peals the Hymn of Death.

Peace! peace! tumultuous furge!
And ye, O winds! more gently blow;
Indite fome pleafing, tuneful dirge,
And let your faddeft numbers flow.
O archèd roofs! and mystic caves profound!
Re-echo soft the plaintive, solemn sound.

We ask no pageant: no,

Nor awful plumes, nor blazon'd hearse:

Let no mock tears of forrow flow,

Nor pomp of monitory verse!

Truce, truce to chisell'd stone, or facred sod;

Leave them, O leave them, only with their God.

Why should ye idly weep?

Without a figh, and unappall'd,

They eyed the grimly yawning Deep,

By honour's voice and duty call'd;

Down to those gulfs ye faw them calm depart,

God and his country written on each heart.

In clustering rank and file
They calmly watch'd their doom,
And, almost with a smile
They stepp'd into the tomb.
Down with the sinking ship they steadfast went,
And scorn'd to sear the greedy element.

There peal'd no trumpet's cry,

No rousing fife, no thundering drum;

And yet so brightly flash'd their eye,

As if the soe were come,

And thrill'd once more the fpirit-ftirring call, "For England conquer, or for England fall!"

There is for him no death

Who lives for virtue, truth alone.

The rushing of a little breath,

A few sharp pangs, a parting groan,

And then, oh, then, beatitude for ever,

Where storms are hush'd, and wrongs and strifes are never.

Ve Spirits of the billow,
Who watchful guard the good man's rest,
Smooth down, I pray, their lonely pillow,
By all our prayers and wishes blest;
Let no rude current's voice, nor whirlwind's throes,
Break the long rapture of their deep repose.

And oft when funs are dying,
And fummer twilight paints the feas,
When golden waters low are fighing
Refponsive to the vesper breeze,
We'll sit and wistful eye the dimpling wave,
And breathe a bleffing o'er the foldier's grave.

Brave hearts, farewell! fleep on in peace!
Not long fhall tyrant-ocean reign,—
Soon will thy throes, Creation! ceafe,
And all be Liberty again.
Rife, then, O loft! for ever nobly found!
Arife, immortal ones! and be ye crown'd!

MOCHRAS.

A SHELL-STREWN BEACH NEAR HARLECH, NORTH WALES.

By the Rev. C. LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A.

How fweet a passime 'tis to wander, Mochras, on thy lonely shore, And o'er thy many treasures ponder, List'ning to th' Atlantic roar!

Every tide, and every billow,
Bears to thee fome lovely prey,
And firands it on the pebbly pillow,
Glitt'ring from the ocean fpray.

The Cockles lie in rich profusion,
Buffeted by furge and storm;
And still, unbroken, sweet delusion!
Mimic human hearts in form.

How beauteoufly the Pecten fparkles, Fan-like, on the fandy bed! With purple tint at times it darkles, Gleams with white, or glows with red.

The Limpet, like a fmall umbrella, Multiplies beneath the feet: In equal crowds the Turritella Shows a fpire prolong'd and neat. Oh! pass not by the fwoln Dosina, Nor the Tellen, light or stout; Nor elegantly shaped Cyprina, Cream within and silk without.

Obferve the Solen, like a fabre,⁴
Near the fhorten'd Mya⁵ lie,
And with them many a graceful neighbour,
Riveting the vagrant eye.

The magic Trochus, half enshrouded 'Mid the heap, adorns the bank, Its snowy white with crimson clouded, Painted pearl of noblest rank.

Ianthinas, though frail, are fcatter'd,
After feas have raged anew,
At times along the beach, unfhatter'd,
Of a rainbow violet hue.

The waves have oft in their incursion Strewn the Echinus on the weed, Mocking the turban of the Persian With its rows of pearl and bead.

Nor do these lifeless objects only Looks of admiration crave; For countless birds in crowds, or lonely, Haunt the shore, or dare the wave.

¹ Dofina turgida.

² Tellina tenuis.

³ Tellina crassa.

⁴ Solen enfis.

⁵ Mya truncata.

⁶ Trochus magus.

The Gull is now with gentle motion
Pacing on the dripping fand;
And, arrow-like, now fkims the Ocean,
Where the waves are white and grand.

Here pretty Sandpipers are racing O'er the beach, a nimble flock; And there each other are they chafing Sportfully from rock to rock.

The Gannet overhead is sailing,
Where her eggs unguarded lie
Amid the shells, and loud is wailing
When she deems the danger nigh.

And o'er the zones of weed still dripping,
Limit of each tidal sea,
Myriads of little Shrimps are skipping
Lustily, with wondrous glee.

Nor fcorn to mark the vegetation,
Humbly though its beauties woo,
Which He who framed the whole Creation
Spreads for thoughtful eyes to view.

The Fucus, with its beaded bladder,
Covers all the rocks around;
But when the flormy waves are madder,
Larger plants are driv'n aground.

The Strap-weed, gloffy and gigantic, Deck'd with neatly-plaited frill, Is rifted from the far Atlantic, Where it once grew dark and ftill. In quiet pools, or deep or fhallow, Corallines difplay their charms, And white or purple, red or yellow, Spread their nicely-jointed arms.

Anemones are here adhering

To the rock with lufty power;

Now like a jellied mass appearing,

Now expanded like a flower.

These are Thy glorious works, Eternal!
All things which we hear or see,
Beneath, around us, or supernal,
Have their being but from Thee.

Thy whole Creation fpread before us
Breathes to Thee one hymn of love;
And hark! Thine Angels fwell the chorus.
Chanting from the Skies above!

And, oh: if Earth is now unfolding Scenes thus lovely to our view, What rapture will be our's beholding Earth and Heav'n alike made new!



LEARNING FROM NATURE.

By JOHN EMMET, Esq.

DRINK of the Alpine stream,
Eat of the garner'd corn;
Go, lie on the summer sward and dream,
And setch new light from the violet beam
That brings the morn.

Sit in the moonlit tower,

Sit where the night-bird fings,

And watch the bat to its breezy bower,

And the moth, as it folds in the folding flower,

Its amber wings.

Rife with the moorland bee,
Sing with the mountain breeze,
And gather strength from the healthy sea,
And bring love and peace from the hawthorn lea
And solemn trees.

Weep with the drops of dew,

Laugh with the golden flar,

Open your foul as wide as the blue,

And with granite old headlands climb, and view

The lands afar.

Toil with the crater's glow,

Play with the wild flower's creft,

Be firm and bold as the rocks below,

And as kind and calm as the arching bow

On the Storm-god's breaft.

Search in the jewell'd mines,
Stray on the coral strand,
Grow rich by the sapphire cloud that lines
The couch of the Sun, when the monarch shines
Adieu to land.

Love with the gentle birds,

Praife with the hoar cafcade,

And utter joy with the lambkin herds,

That bleat to their dams their mufical words,

In the pine-wood's fhade.

Dive into hidden caves

Like the merman in the fea,

Swim with the nautilus over the waves,

And mufe with the owlet among the graves,

Where dead men be.

Think with a hearty brain,

Breathe with a joyous breath,

Let the fnow bleach each innocent flain,

And the wild heart warm with a holy flrain

That knows not death.

Feel with the fmallest worm,

Learn from the lowest clod,

Get truth in the flash of the lambent storm,

And beauty and good from every form

That tells of God.

IN A CATHEDRAL.

By MARIE J. EWEN FOTHERBY.

HERE let me reft. Through pictured pane aflant, Enrich'd and foften'd, funfet-splendours fall; No step 'mid these fair aisles, no voice of chant, But a most rev'rent silence over all.

In this great calm there is deep harmony,
A dream, a prefence, and a power of love:
In trembling rapture and high thought must be
The fong to which alone the foul can move.

With healing power, foft fanning airs are borne
From Heaven athwart my foul. I feel this place,
In truth, is holy. When the heart is torn,
Beneath calm brows none read the forrow's trace;

But not the lefs 'tis there. Then, oh, to dwell
Beneath the shadow of such solitude,
Where no vain World can break the hallow'd spell,
And on the peace of God no storms intrude!

And while I watch, the deep'ning funfet throws
Unearthly fplendours o'er the distant shrine;
The veined pavement Iris-colour'd glows,
And all is wrapp'd in loveliness divine.

Pure marble figures with their clasped hands,
And brows that funlight hath with glory crown'd,
With heavenward glance each like a spirit stands
As it were waiting for the trumpet-found.

Soft breeze of incense from the heavenly shore,
Without the censer, sloats 'mid arches fair;
And the carved faints in prayer for evermore
Gaze with such smiles as blessed Angels wear.

Here let me rest alone: move gently, World,
That no rude tumult break the deep repose;
"Banner of love" is over all unfurl'd,
And in a voiceless plalm the soul o'erslows.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

By the Rev. CLAUDE MAGNAY, M.A.

SEE now where Order rifes from the tomb,
And Ruin finds a glory and a home.

No fretted ceiling holds the tuneful choir—
To Heaven's high arch the tuneful fongs afpire.

No clattering pavement, echoing to the tread,
Diffurbs the awe which breathes above the dead:
'Tis garden all—a living temple, free
To earth, air, fky, to nature, and to me.
Should Fancy ftrive to reconftruct the fane,
Soon Fancy, giddy, falls to earth again;
And, loft in wonder, is content to fing—
"A fitting reft for Virtue and a King."

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASHORE.

By the Rev. THEODORE SHURT, M.A.

I stood upon the shore, and gazed alone Upon the reftlefs wave, and heard it moan: It was an emblem of this turbid life— This paffage to Eternity through strife: And much I thought upon the ceaseless cares That chequer life, and compass it with snares. Mem'ry and fancy both were bufy then, And told me of the heartleffness of men; How rarely love prevails-how few have trod The path directed by the Son of God. Nature inanimate, inceffant groans O'er man's fad ruin—e'en the very stones On this lone feashore show the stamp of pain, And bear the mark of Sin and Satan's reign. But man goes forward, nor will deign to paufe, Nor think one moment of himself, the cause Of all this mifery—this fallen World, In one vast universal ruin hurl'd. Spirit! that erst upon the deep didst brood, And curb the chaos of the primal flood, Oh! shine once more, Thy vital beams impart, And drive the gloom from man's benighted heart! O'er the fad ruin shed Thy heavenly love; Pour fire celestial from Thy throne above; Where Hell once reign'd let Heaven itself arise; Save the loft foul, and bid him fcale the Skies!

LIFE, A SONG OF PRAISE.

By Mrs. POSTLETHWAITE.

Life is a pleafant tale childhood is telling
In its pure Eden of finless delight,—
Thought that of ill hath nought, faith all excelling,
Blessed in day-dreams, and dreamless in night.

Life is an antique fane beauty hath hallow'd; Youth hand in hand tread the pathways of old, And its fond memories linger, time-mellow'd, Lighting true hearts till the life-stream be cold.

Life is a mountain-height brave hearts are climbing, On its far headlands the blue Heavens reft; Hark! ere they gain the steep, vespers are chiming. Dim in the mist lies the Realm of the Blest.

Life is an idle dream, dreamers are dreaming, Dawning in phantom, light fading in gloom; Life is a Sibyl's leaf, loft in the reading, Life is a mystery hid in the tomb.

Life is but death to which mortals are clinging, To life's true portal 'tis Death leads the way; Life is a fong of praise Angels are hymning On through eternal days, ever and aye.

THE MARTYR-BOY.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

By the Rev. R. TOMLINS, M.A.

A Young child's heart!—of all weak things
The weakest to the proud World's eye;
To Faith's intense imaginings
A field where unseen armies vie.

Oh, there are times when to our fight,
E'en on this fide the grave, is given
A glimpfe revealing in full light
The triumphs gain'd on earth by Heaven!

We fee on earth the Bethlehem Child, Turning to flight the lion dread; We fee the Virgin's Offspring mild Stamping in dust the ferpent's head.

In Him our little ones are great,
In Him our feeble folk are strong;
And childhood sits in high estate
Amid the martyrs' noble throng.

One of these little ones ere now,
A brother of th' Almighty Child,
Hath made the hoary sinner bow
In sear, or rage in frenzy wild.

The wide Atlantic knows one place (It was but as the other day),
Where childhood's ftrong Baptifmal Grace
Kept man, and more than man, at bay.

'Tis a fad tale,—but grief is full
Of joy in refignation's cup;
And churchyard-mounds look beautiful
When funfet glory lights them up.

'Tis of a twinkling star, whose name
In Heaven was written clear and bright,
And a fierce burst of hellish stame,
Fast crackling down to endless night.

That,—a bright, blue-eyed, holy thing,
An orphan in a foreign clime;
Eight times—no more—the buds of Spring
Had fweetly hail'd his vernal prime.

This,—a man's form, whose human heart
To some fierce beast's had yielded place—
If haply beast might own a part
In one so like to Satan's race.

The child had feen that tyrant fin,
And heard unmoved each bribe and threat;
Nor might could force, nor fraud could win,
The willing memory to forget.

Twas night: the lad had clofed his prayer,
The monfter flood just where he knelt,
Luring with fascinating glare
The gaze himself less saw than felt.

"Now, in this inftant, make thy choice, Unfay thy word, or feel my rod!" He chose, with no uncertain voice, The stripes of man, the hand of God.

The fcourge grew weary of its task;

Many the blows, the words were few,
Save when the tempter paused to ask,

"Now wilt thou own thy word untrue?"

Two long, long hours, that little child Quiver'd beneath the oft-changed whip, Then, upward gazing, faintly fmiled, And faintly fpoke with trembling lip:

"Cold! oh, how cold!"—the word fcarce fpoken,
He fank upon the tyrant's breaft;
In fleep, by fcourge ne'er to be broken,
The martyr-boy lay down to reft.

Beneath the rude and pelting florm
Of blows—fweet-fmelling facrifice!—
Slow fank that frail and fhatter'd form,
As the bruifed flower in fragrance dies.

And ask we, whence the potent word,
Whence the mysterious charm was given,
To make e'en Satan's hand afford
A lash to urge the foul toward Heaven?

The Bound, the Scourged, He gave that share Of Sacramental agony,
The School'd by bonds and scourge to bear
The nails that fix'd Him to the Tree.

And He who led that child to fip
Of His own cup of pain and woe,
Shall streams supply to his glad lip
That never fate, and ever flow.

ON A MONUMENT TO HAVELOCK.

By Mrs. ROBINSON MULREADY.

R EAR'D to the memory of the brave,
Who made a Nation's heart his grave,
Is you heroic pile;
Whose sculpture greets the stranger's eye,
Bearing a name that cannot die,
In our Imperial Isle!

That pile for ages shall command
The reverence of the British land,
As record of his fame:
Till Time himself has past away,
That marble cannot know decay,
Which bears great Havelock's name!

Memorial proud of gallant deeds,
Where young Ambition glowing reads,
In characters of light,
Unclouded by the mifts of time,
A narrative the most sublime
Of Britons' martial might!

THE MAGDALEN.

BY THE REV. W. PARKINSON, M.A.

"The Son of Man is come to fave that which was lost."—
MATT. xviii. 11.

A LONE in the drear wilderness!

Where rocks and trees a hidden fear Suggest, and on the heart impress

The fense of danger lurking near;

Alone with Nature! where each found
Of flirring leaf or crackling bough
Makes the pulse leap with sudden bound,
And the warm blood more swiftly flow;

Alone upon the wide, wide Sea!
With the unpitying Skies above,
While all around capriciously
The hollow-fmiling waters move.

Well might the foul, of hope bereft, In bitterness its lot bemoan, With only memory's shadow left Of joys that are for ever gone.

Yet is there loneliness more drear,
When in the city's crowded streets
Thought reasserts its spell of fear,
And conscience lessons old repeats;

When former days of innocence Over the foul's remorfeful gloom, Spring like a rainbow, and the fenfe Of shame with tearful rays illume.

Oh, then, how vast the solitude!

How manifold the forms of dread

That on the trembling heart intrude!

What echoes mock the doubtful tread!

How memory, trav'lling o'er the Past,
Beholds once more a peaceful home,—
A funny scene, on which was cast
No shadow from the days to come;

Where a fweet child among the flowers

Danced like a funbeam bright and free,
Making the fummer-woven bowers

Ring with the music of her glee;

Where every day, with new delight,
Amply the feafon's waste repaid;
And nothing mark'd Time's ceaseless slight
But richer sunlight, deeper shade;

And like a fountain-mirror pure

Her inmost heart to Heaven was bare,

And, in its innocence fecure,

Dream'd not that Earth had sin or snare.

But days, and months, and years had flown, And flill that peaceful fcene was fair, But the fweet child, a woman grown, Wore on her cheek the hue of care;

For Love had o'er the mirror cast
Its shadow, and the heart in vain
Recall'd the calm, unconscious Past,
Whose light might ne'er return again;

But in its stead were joys and fears, With more tumultous interchange, And brighter smiles and sadder tears, And aspirations wild and strange.

But, ah! a darker hour fucceeds,
And, stung by disappointment keen,
The wounded heart in silence bleeds,
Without a stay whereon to lean;

Till on th' unpitying ear of Night
This melancholy murmur falls,
"What gloom has quench'd my morning light,
And girt me round with prifon walls!

"I know that here is fin and fhame,
And anguish more than I can bear,
And at my heart, with fangs of flame,
Gnaws the fierce tooth of wild Despair.

"And though I loathe the life I lead, Its fubtle web I cannot break, For I have fown the baneful feed, And must the bitter harvest take. "There is no hope for one like me,
Whom all the good diffrust or scorn—
An outcast from society!
O would that I had not been born!

"I loathe to live, yet fear to die,
For death might be a heavier doom.
Whither, oh, whither, shall I fly?—
There is no rest, no peace, no home."

Let those who no transgression own, Sinless in thought, and word, and deed, First cast the unforgiving stone, And make the wounded spirit bleed:

But let all those, whose earnest cry
Is still for pardon, ponder o'er
That Gracious Voice, "Neither do I
Condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Let love its Angel's hand extend
To those who linger in the plain,
With gentle care their steps befriend,
Till Zoar's safe refuge they attain.



SONNETS.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq.

Our Empress Queen!—Victoria's name of glory Added as England's grace to Hindostan!
Oh, climax to this age's wondrous story,
Full of new hope to India, and to man
In heathendom's dark places! For the light
Of our Jerusalem shall now shine there
Brighter than ever since the World began.
Yet, by a way chaotic, drear and gory,
Travell'd this blessing; as a martyr might,
Wrestling to Heaven through tortures unaware.
Our Empress Queen! for thee thy people's prayer
All round the globe to God ascends united,
That He may strengthen thee no guilt to spare,
Nor leave one act of goodness unrequited.

A DREAM of empire,—and a waking thought Patriot in wifdom, and of loyal worth, Which placemen will not cherifh as they ought, Because with such there ever was a dearth Of generous seeling in this frigid Earth: I saw our Queen an Empress; and her rule, Not forced by mercantile or office clerks, Nor mispresented by some party tool, But personal, and full of gracious works, Rejoicing every colony: I saw An Alfred, and all India prospering Under his sceptre, sway'd by England's law,—Australia, under Arthur triumphing, And Duncan, Scottish Canada's young king.

SORROW.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. Author of the "Twelve Foundations," a Poem.

Deep in an ancient forest dell;
Three holy men of old abode,
Each separate in his narrow cell.
Apart from morn to eve they dwelt:
Apart in sombre worship knelt.
And, spite the gloom of that lone place,
None ever faw his fellow's face,
Save only in the Summer's height;
When sometimes, ere the fall of night,
Beside the spring they would repair,

It chanced, that at the close of day, A hoary traveller past that way. He bent, the cooling wave to drink; Then paused, and rested on the brink. He mark'd the shrouded forms sedate, Mute as the stones whereon they sate: In courteous accents then he broke The sullen spell, and thus he spoke:

And fit in gloomy filence there.

"Oh, reverend hermits, I would fain Of your fair grace a boon obtain. Say, wherefore do ye choose to dwell Deep in this rugged forest dellAnd what unkindly barrier parts
Yours from all other human hearts?"

The first replied: "There was a maid I loved, and deem'd my love repaid. But when my passion's tale I told, She answer'd with indifference cold. The pangs I bore were not in vain; I will not chance such grief again."

The fecond fpake: "I gave my heart
To one who play'd the traitor's part.
He lured my bride to depth of fhame,
Flung fcorn upon my ancient name;
And when we met in deadly fight,
His fkill prevail'd againft the right.
The World of men is not for me,
Where falfehood thrives, and guilt is free."

The third purfued: "Beyond the rest Of human-kind my lot was blest. Fair was the wife I classed, and true; Sweet faces round my table grew. Wealth heap'd my barns, and swell'd my fails, Stored in my halls unnumber'd bales. There came o'er Fortune's face a frown; At sea my argosies went down; My vassals burst their seudal chain, Levell'd my castles with the plain; And, sadder loss than all I knew, The loved ones of my heart they slew: The World had much I counted dear—'Tis lost, 'tis gone—and I am here!"

The old man heard them each disclose The history of his hidden woes. Then answer made: "Your tales are fad, Nor deem me cold if I should add, My own experience can recall A flory fadder than them all! In manhood, when these veins were fill'd, With the warm blood that age has chill'd, There came across my daily way A maid, as fair as Summer's day,— So fair, my feventy years, I ween, Nor face nor form like hers have feen. I loved her, and my love, confest, Found echo in her gentle breast: The months of patient waiting past, I clasp'd my lovely bride at last. But on our very Nuptial day, When homeward failing o'er the bay, A fudden tempest struck the fail, Sunk in the furge our veffel frail: My stiffened form the billows bore Senfeless, but breathing, to the shore; But for my bride—the fearch was vain, Nor have I ever loved again!

"To calm the pangs of that long grief, In court and camp I fought relief: My dauntless sword and loyal pen Grew famous on the lips of men. There was a noble of the land, High in her counsels and command, Whose secret treason, long conceal'd, A sudden chance to me reveal'd.

By coftly bribes he first effay'd To buy my filence or my aid. Foil'd in that hope, a dark defign To make his falfehood feem as mine, The traitor wove ;—his poison'd shaft Was aim'd and launch'd with fubtlest craft. My fimple word and honest heart Could nought avail against his art; Convicted, fentenced, and difgraced, My fpurs hewn off, my shield effaced, Renounced by kin, an outlaw bann'd, I left for aye my native land. The title I fo proudly bore Will found on human lips no more; My wrong shall in that day be shown, When men shall know as they are known!"

He ceased: and, as with one accord, The hermits three took up the word. "Oh, come," they cried, "for we allow We have not borne such grief as thou! Come, build beside this fount thy cell, Here in our silent forest dwell; For in these solutions alone Sorrow and salsehood are not known."

"Not fo," the aged man replied,
"I may not dwell your fount befide.
Though deep the lofs I did fustain,
It hath but proved my greater gain;
For they who fusser yet believe,
Do tenfold of their Lord receive.
For house and lands, He doth bestow
A home within His Church below;

In place of kin Himfelf He gives,
The Brother of each foul that lives;
Not His the falfehood that betrays,
Or love with cold return repays.
In yonder city's crowded street
My heart's true Brother I shall meet.
Nor hath this Earth so lone a spot,
Save haply this, where He is not.
Adieu!" The traveller rose, and then,
With a mute gesture of sarewell,
To seek once more his fellow-men,
Past slowly through the forest dell.

THE MAGNET IN THE CLOUD.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, Esq.

What filent force of voiceless love
Draws up into the cloud
The lark, that, fummon'd from above
By fome unseen, angelic love,
Grows not a whit more proud?

Yes! fome divine magnetic love
Allures him to the fkies;
Some gentle violence of love,
Propell'd from angel-eyes,
Compels him from his neft to rife,
Drawing him upward by a fpell
In fome bright morning cloud to dwell.

YEARNING.

By ROBERT W. BUCHANAN, Esq. Author of "Mary: and other Poems."

HOPE, whose silent eyes
Seek my image in Thy breast,
Singeth me to rest
Oft with her tears;
But she turns her silent eyes,
While I slumber, to the spheres,
And she lends her secret sighs
To the skies.

Oftentimes fhe brings
From the bofom of the night,
Feelings and fancies, white
As her defire:
The Cherubim fhe brings
Will liften to her lyre,
Making morning with their wings
As fhe fings.

And the Angels feem to own
That Hope, the angel mild,
And Faith, her little child,
Though placed apart,
Are dear, all Angels own,
To the most Immortal's heart,
As the singers that are fown
Round the Throne.

So Hope, whose azure eyes
Seek my image in Thy breast,
Fans my fear to rest
With angel-wings;
And the dreams are in her eyes,
And the fancies, while she sings,
That Faith, the feraph wise,
Makes me prize.

Singing fhe grows more fair,
Till the mifts of fleep uproll—
When looking through Thy foul,
Hid in my breaft,
I see those visions fair,—
Hope and the people bleft,
Of the Earth and of the Air,
Singing there!





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